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P O E M S,
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CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

B E L F A S T.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLES AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his Native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their

[iv]
Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired—She whispered me, to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independant. I come to claim the

common

common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social-joy await your return! When harrassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats, and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May

Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant
glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and
licentiousness in the People, equally find you
an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

*With the sincerest gratitude and highest
respect,*

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,

April 4, 1787.

*Extract from the LOUNGER, No. 97,
lately published in Edinburgh.*

“ ROBERT BURNS, an Ayrshire Ploughman, whose Poems were some time ago published in a country town in the West of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents—It is to be hoped, I do not assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view; to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellencies appear to deserve.

“ In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title nor to urge the merits

merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford: These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause.

“ It is not my intention to point out the various beauties interspersed in the following poems; the candid and discerning reader will easily perceive, with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven taught Ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked up on men and manners.

“ BURNS possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a Poet. That honest pride and independence of soul, which are sometimes the Muse’s only dower, break forth

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on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortune have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learned from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land to seek under a West-Indian clime, that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "*wood-notes wild*," possess so much excellence.

“ To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from

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the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the World; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority; to greatness and to patronage, a laudable pride."

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T W A D O G S,

A T A L E.

T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name of *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearin' thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cesar*,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure;

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B

His hair, his fize, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But walpit some place far abroad,
 Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar :
 But though he was o' high degree,
 'The fient a pride nae pride had he,
 But wad hae spent an hour carressin,
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin :
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 An' stroant on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang*,
 Was made lang syne, Lord knows how lang,

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dike.
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;

* Cuchulian's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit ;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They sat them down upon their a—,
An' there began a lang digression
About the *Lords o' the creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've often wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What sort o' life poor dogs like *you* have,
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents :
He rises when he likes himsel' ;
His flunkies answer at the bell ;
He ca's his coach ; he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bonie filken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow lettered Geordie keeks,

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
 An' tho' the gentry firl are steechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' fause, ragoats, and sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastris.
 Our Whipper-in, wee blaitit wonner,
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan' ;
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their paunch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

L U A T H.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough ;
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 W' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, au' sic like,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A sinytre o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger :
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;

An' bu'rd'y chicks, an clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye'es neglekit,
How huff'd, an' scuff'd, an' disrespeckit !
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a flinking brock.

I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, feant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snath ;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an fear and tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

L U A T H.

They're no sae wretched ane wad think ;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fricht.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in less or mair provided ;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives ;
 The pratling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and state affairs ;
 They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',
 An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial ranting Kirns,
 When *rural life*, of every station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty-wins ;

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill
 Are handed down wi' right guid-will ;
 The cantyauld folks crackin' crouse,
 The young anes ranting thro' the house,
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre often play'd ;
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascals pridesu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha ablins thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin —

C Æ S A R.

Haith, lad, ye little kin about it ;
 For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it.
 Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying aye or no's they bid him :
 At Opera's an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading :
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft
 To *Hague* or *Calais* taks a waft,

To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails ;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt ;
Or down Italian Vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
Then bouses grumlie German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows
Love-gifts of carnival Signioras.

For *Britain's* guid ! for her destruction !
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction :

L U A T H.

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate !
Are we sae foughten and harraf'd
For gear to gang that gate at laist !

O would they stay aback frae courts
An' please themselves wi' contra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin' billies,
Fient hate o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their Limmer,

Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, master *Cesar*,
Sure great folks life's a lise o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vara thought o't need na fear them.

C A E S A R.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;
But human bodies are sic fools
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel;
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil hate ails them, yet uneasy;

Their days insipid, dull and tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
At night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, 'owre the wi bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore 'owre the devil's picturd beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions man an' woman ;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night :

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The *bun-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs* ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

S C O T C H D R I N K.

*Gie him strong drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair ;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief and care :
 There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines an' wines, an' drunken *Bacchus*,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice *Scotch beer* can mak us,
 In glaas or jug.

O thou, my *Muse* ! guid auld *Scotch Drink* !
 Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lispe an' wink
 To Sing thy name !

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, *John Barlicorn*,
 Thou king o' grain.

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food !
 Or tumbling in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin' ;
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grivin' ;
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin',
 Wi' ratlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
 Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care ;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,
 At's weary toil ;
 Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft clad in maffy filler weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy heed ;

Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine ;
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the faunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in !
 Or reekin on a New-year mornin,
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare ! to see the fizz an' freath,
 I' th' lagget caup !
 Then *Burnerwin* comes on like Death
 At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel
 The strong forehammer,

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies flight,
 Wae worth the name!

Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wûd can be,
 How easy can the *barlie-brie*
 Cement the quarrel!

It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
 To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason,
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
 But monie daily wet their weason

Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter season,
 E'er spier their price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drukken hash
 O' half his days;

An' sends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash
 To her warft faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell;
 Poor plackless devils like myself,
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
 Wha' twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glaſs o' *Whisky Punch*
 Wi' honest men!

O *Whisky*, soul o' plays an' pranks!
 Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
 Whan wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses!
 Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a——!

Thee *Ferintosh*, O sadly lost!
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
 Now cholic-grips, an' barkin' hoast
 May kill us a';
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd heart
 Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-keeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the *Whisky* stills their prize!

Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!

There, seize the blinkers

An' bake them up in brinstane pies

For poord—n'd drinkers,

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still

Hale-breeks, a scone, an *whiskey gill*,

An' *rowth o' rhyme* to rave at will,

Tak' a' the rest,

An' deal't about as thy blind skill

Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*,

*To the Right Honourable and Honourable; the Scotch
Representatives in the House of Commons.*

*Dearest of Distillation! last and best!
—How art thou lost!—*

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our broughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs

In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your Honour's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her a—

Low i' the dust,
An' sciechen out prosaic verse,
An' like to bruist!

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Tell them whae hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction,
 On *Aquavite*;
 An' rouze them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*
 The honest open, naked truth ;
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble ;
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble !

Does oney great man glunch an' gloom ?
 Speak out an' never fash your thumb !
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes, you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack :
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw,
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrisle
 Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whissle ;

An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizen a *stell*,
 Triumphant crushin' like a mussel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
 Colleaguing joins,
 Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
 Ofa' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*,
 Thus dung in slaves,
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire out o' sight !
 But could I like *Montgomeryes* fight,
 Or gab like *Boswell*,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours, can ye see't,
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear.

An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' with rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harrangues;
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;
 An' that glib-gabbit Aighland Baron,
 The Laird o' *Graham*;
 An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norlane billie;
 True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;
 An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie*;
 An' monie ither,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for britbers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*!
 Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
 Yell see't or lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reckin' whittle,
 Anither fang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie;))
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 And rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' th' fir't she meets!

For G-d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive wi' a' your wit and Lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an mocks;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
 E'en cowe the cadie!
 An' send him to his dicing box.
 An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
 Ill be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,

An' driak his health in auld *Nanſe Tinocks* *

Nine times a week,
If he some ſcheme, like tea an' Winnocks,
Wad kindly ſeek.

Could he ſome *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's juit a devil wi' a rung ;
An' if ſhe promise auld or young
To take their part.
Tho' by the neck ſhe ſhould be ſtrung,
She'll no defert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
May ſtill your mother's heart ſupport ye ;
Then tho' a Minister grow dory,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
Wi' ſowps o' kail an' brats o' claiſe,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he ſometimes ſtudies Politicks over a glass of gude auld Scotch Drink.

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt St. Jamie's !
 Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
 While *Rab* his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
 See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise ;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blyth and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
 Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms !
 When wretches range, in famished swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shouder !
 They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
 Their bauldest thought's a bank'ring swither
 To flan' or rin,

Till sk

But
Clap in
say, f

He ha

Nae

Death
Wi' bl

His la

Sag

Ai' ra
An' p

But te

Scot

Tho' w
Till w

Freedo

Vo

Till skelp — a shot — they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotchman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Ay, such is royal *George's* will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him :
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea's him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may sleek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' phycically causes seek,
In clime an' season,
But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Yetine your dam ;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram !

THE

H O L Y F A I R.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty observation;
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
 The Dirk of Defamation:
 A mask that like the gerget shew'd,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion:*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air,
 The rising sun, owre *Galloway* muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin';
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that day. *

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

II.

As lightsomely I glowl'd abroad,
 To see a scene fae gay,
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,
 Came skelpin up the way.
 Twa had mantees o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining

Fu' gay that day,

III.

The *twas* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' four as ony flaes :
 The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,

Fu' kind that day,

IV.

Wi' Bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me ;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hauns,
 Ye, for my sake, hae gi'n the feck
 Of a' the ten commauns

' A screed some day.

V.

' My name is *Fun*—your cronic dear,
 ' The nearell friend ye hae ;
 ' An' this is *Superstition* here,
 ' An' that's *Hypocrify*.
 ' I'm gaun to ***** *Holy Fair*,
 ' To spend an hour in daffin :
 ' Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
 ' We will get famous laughin

‘ At them this day.’

VI.

Quoth I, ‘ With a’ my heart, I’ll do’t,
 ‘ I’ll get my Sunday sark on,
 ‘ An’ meet you on the holy spot ;
 ‘ Faith we’se hae fine remarkin !’
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An’ soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side,
 Wi’ monie a wearie body,

In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springing owre the gutters,
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 'n’ filks and scarlets glitter ;
 ' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
 An’ farls, bak’d wi’ butter,

Fu’ crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On every side they're gath'rin' ;
 Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin

Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There *racer* *Jess*, an' twa-three wh—res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw o' titling jads,
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck ;
 An' there a batch of wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K*****ck,

For *fan* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinking on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch
 Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that, a set o' Chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winking on the lasses

To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, and blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lass that he likes best,
 'Comes clinkin down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck
 An's loof upon her bosom

Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For ***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn t--n.
 Shou'd HORNIE, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him

Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith,
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin, an' he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout
 Like cantharidian plasters,

On sic a day !

XIV.

But hark ! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer ;
 For a' the *real judges* rife,
 They canna sit for anger.
 ***** opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals ;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels

A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of moral pow'rs an' reason ?
 His English style, an' gesture fine
 Are a' clean out of season.
 Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
 Or some auld Pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in

That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poisonid nostrum ;
 For *****, frae the water-fit
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has taen the road,
 An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate* *

Fast, fast that day.

* A Street so called, which faces the *TENT* in —————

XVII.

Wee ***** neest, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,
 So, cannilie he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him

At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters :
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture

O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair
 Than either School or College :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pang's us sou o' Knowledge..
 Be't whisky, gill or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger portion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our notion,

By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk
 They're makin observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk
 An' formin affignations
 To meet some day.

But naw the L — 's ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echos back return the shouts ;
 Black ***** is na sparin :
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow ;
 His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,
 Our vera ' Sauls does harrow '
 Wi' fright that day !

A vast unbottom'd boundless pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roaring,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snoring

Asleep that day.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismift :
 How drink gaed round, iu cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms and benches ;
 An' cheeze and bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,

An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 An' fits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld Guidmen about the Grace,
 Frae syde to syde they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't like a tether,

Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks ! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething !
 Sma' need has he to fay a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claiting !
 O Wives ! be mindfu' ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted

On sic a day !

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon;
 Some swagger hame the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At flaps the billies halt and blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon:
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They're a' in famous tune

For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses!
 Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
 As saft as any flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine;
 There's some are fou' o' brandy;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie

Some ither day.

D E A T H,
 A N D
 D O C T O R H O R N B O O K,
 A T R U E S T O R Y.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd ;
 Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
 And nailt wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night besel,
 Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
 Or Dublin City :
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches :
 An' hillocks, flanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay,
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon began to glowr
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre ;
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r
 I set myself ;
 But whether she had three or four
 I cou'd na tell.

K,
 I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin down on *Willie's Mill*,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me ficker ;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie swither ;
 An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther
 Clear-dangling, hang ;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queereft shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava,
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma',
 As cheeks o' branks.

‘ Guid-een,’ quo’ I ; ‘ Friend ! hae ye been mawin,
 ‘ When ither folk are busy sawin * ?’

* This rencounter happened in seed time, 1785.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',

But naething spak;

At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,
‘ Will ye go back? '

It spak right howe— ' My name is DEATH,

‘ But be na' sley'd.'— Quoth I, ' Guid faith,

‘ Ye're maybe come to staf my breath;

‘ But tent me, billie;

‘ I red ye well, tak care o' skaith,

‘ See, there's a gully!

‘ Gudeman,' quo' he, ' put up your whittle,

‘ I'm no design'd to try its mettle;

‘ But if I did, I wad be kittle

‘ To be mislear'd,

‘ I wad na' mind it, no that spittle

‘ Out-owre my beard.'

‘ Weel, weel!' says I, ' a bargain be't;

‘ Come gies your hand, an' fae we're gree't,

‘ We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,

‘ Come, gies your news!

‘ This while* ye hae been mony a gate,

‘ At mony a house.'

‘ Ay, ay ; quo' he, an' shook his head,

‘ It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

Sin' I began to nick the thread,
 ' An' choke the breath :
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 ' An sae maun *Death*.
 ' Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 ' Sin' I was to the butching bred,
 ' And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 ' To stap or scar me ;
 ' Till ane *Hornbook*'s* ta'en up the trade,
 ' And faith, he'll waur me.
 ' Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
 ' Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan !
 ' He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan* †,
 ' And ither chaps,
 ' The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
 ' And pouk my hips.
 ' See, here's a scyth, and there's a dart,
 ' They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart ;
 ' But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
 ' And cursed skill,
 ' Has made them baith no worth a f--t,
 ' D--n'd haet they'll kill !

* This gentleman, Dr. *Hornbook*, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

† *Buchan's Domestic Medicine*.

' 'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 ' I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 ' Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain ;
 ' But dejl-ma-care !
 ' It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 ' But did nae mair.

' *Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
 ' And had sae fortify'd the part,
 ' That when I looked to my dart,
 ' It was sae blunt,
 ' Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 ' Of a kail-runt.

' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 ' I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
 ' But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ' Withstood the shock,
 ' I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
 ' O' hard whin-rock.

' E'en them he canna get attended,
 ' Altho' their faee he ne'er had kend it,
 ' Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
 ' As soon's he smells it,
 ' Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 ' At once he tells't.

' And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
 ' Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,

A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
 ' He's sure to hae;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 ' As A B C.

' Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
 ' True Sal marinum o' the feas;
 ' The Farina of beans and pease,
 ' He has't in plenty;
 ' Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 ' He can content ye.

' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons
 ' Urinus Spiritus of capons;
 ' Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 ' Distill'd *per se*;
 ' Sal alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 ' And mony mae.'

' Wae's me for *Johnny Ged's-hole** now,
 Quoth I, ' if that thae news be true !
 ' His brae calf ward whare gowens grew,
 ' Sae white and bonie,
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it with the plow;
 ' They'll ruin *Johnnie* !

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 An' says, ' Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
 ' Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
 ' Tak ye nae fear.

* The Grave-digger.

• They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
 • In twa-three year.

• Where I kill'd aye, a fair strae-death,
 By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
 • This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 • That *Hornbook's* skill

• Has clad a score i' their last clāith,
 • By drap and pill.

• An honest Wabster to his trade,
 Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
 • Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 • When it was fair;

• The wife slade eannie to her bed,
 • But ne'er spak mair.

• A Countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
 Or some cormurring in his guts,
 • His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 • And pays him well,

• The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 • Was Laird himsel.

• A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
 Some ill-brown drak had hov'd her name,
 • She trusts hersel, to hide her shame,
 • In *Hornbook's* care;

Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
 • To hide it there.

That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
 Thus goes he on from day to day,
 Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,

‘ An's weel pay'd for't ;
 Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 Wi' his d-mn'd dirt !

But hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
 Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't ;
 I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,

‘ As dead's a herrin :
 Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 ‘ He gets his fairin !’

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,

‘ Which rais'd us baith :
 Took the way that pleased mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

THE

B R I G S O F A Y R.

A P O E M.

*Inscribed to J. B****, Esq. Ayr,*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet in the green thorn
 bush,
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the
 hill ;
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship stee'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose ?

o ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hands uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's generous care he trace,
 Kill'd in the secret, to below with grace ;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throws his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap ;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees rejoicing o'er their summer-toils
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'r's delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, }
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek :
 The thundering guns are heard on every side,
 The wounded eoveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie ;
 (What warm, poetic heart but only bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings.

Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.

"Twas in that season, when a simple bard
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether wrapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
 And *Wallace-tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore ;
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two steeples.

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sough of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :
 Our Warlock Rhymer instantly descriy'd
 The Sprites that o'er the *Brigs of Ayr* preside :
 (That Bards are second-fighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' time had wrafl'd lang,
 Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
 That, he at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got ;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls and whirligigums at the head.
 The *Goth* was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn-flaws in every arch ;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveleis sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen —

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

A U L D B R I G.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
 But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

N E W B R I G.

Auld Vandal, ye but shew your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
 Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet;
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?
 There's men o' taste would tak the *Ducat-stream* *,
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark an' swim,
 E'er they would grate their feelings with the view
 Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

A U L D B R I G.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forsfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.

* A noted ford just above the Auld Brig.

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When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Eugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rows;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roasting speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from *Glenbuck*,† down to *Rattrayhead*,‡
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthend, tumblin' sea;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor you never rise!
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies;
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cast,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

N E W B R I G.

Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say o't!
 The L—d be thankit that we've taint the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-allusing edifices,
 Hanging with threatening jut-like precipices;

* The Banks of *Garpal-Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river of *Ayr*.

‡ A small landing-place above the large key.

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves;
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
 Of any mason, reptile, bird or beast;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuiss of later times, wha held the notion,
 That fallen gloom was sterling true devotion:
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

A U L D I B R I G

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
 Ye worthy *Provesses*, an' mony a *Baille*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but *causey-cleaners*;
 Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae blest this town;
 Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your *burdies* to the *smelters*;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly *Writers*:

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would you say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And, agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story :
 Nae longer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council House ;
 But staumrel, corkey-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your weel hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*
 and *Härbours*.

N E W B R I G.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittie :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;
 To liken them to your auld-warl'd squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag wits-nae mair can have a handle
 To mouth ' A Citizen,' a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hopsan' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bond and Seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity slept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell ; but, all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :
 Adown the glittering stream they feathly dane'd ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd :
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glaſs so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of Minſtrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties fung.

O had *M'Lauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage, }
 When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with
 Highland rage ; }
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lovers raptur'd joys, or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the viola.

No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart,

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years !
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All clearing plenty, with her bowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreathed with nodding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow ;
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feeble* wild-woody coverts hide ;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* :
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of Death,
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling
 wrath.

THE

ORDINATION.

*For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—
To please the Mob they bide the little giv'n.*

I.

K***** Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to *B-gb's* in a raw,
And pour divine libations,
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Came in wi' Maggie Lauder ;*
But O***** aft made her yell,
An' R***** fa'r misca'd her :
This day M***** taks the flait,
An' he's the boy will blaud her !
Hell clap a *shangan* on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

* Alluding to a scoffing Ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L—— to the *Laigh Kirk*.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,

An' lilt wi' holy clangor;

O' double verse come gi'e us four,

An' skirl up the Bangor:

This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,

Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,

For Heresy is in her pow'r,

And gloriously she'll chang her.

Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,

An' touch it aff wi' vigour,

How graceless Ham* leugh at his Dad,

Which made Canaan a niger;

Or Phineas† drove the murdering blade,

Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;

Or Zipporah,‡ the scauldin' jad,

Was like a bluidy tiger.

I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,

And bind him down wi' caution,

That Stipend is a carnal weed

He takes but for the fashion;

VI.

* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv, vers. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv, vers. 25.

And gie him o'er the flock to feed,

And punish each transgression ;
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,

Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now *auld K******, cock thy tail,

An' toss thy horns fu' canty ;
Nae mair thou'l rowte out-owre the dale,

Because thy pasture's scanty :
For *lapfu's* large o' *gospel-hail*

Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* they pick an' wale,

No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But *ilk* day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,

To think upon our *Zion* :

And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin :

Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,

And o' the thairms be tryin ;

Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,

And a' like lamb-tails flyin

Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airm,

Has shor'd the *Kirk's* undoin,

As lately *F-new-ck*, fair forfair,

Has proven to it's ruin :

Our Patron, honest man ! *G/*——,
He saw mischief was brewin :
And like a godly, elect bairn,
He's wal'd us out a true ane,

And found this day.

IX.

Now R***** harangue nae main,
But steeck your gab for ever ;
Or try the wicked town of *A*——,
For there they'll think you clever ;
Nae reflection on your lear ;
Ye may commence a Shaver ;
Or to the *N-tb-rt-z* repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver

Aff-hand this day.

X.

***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa d'rones ;
Auld Hornie did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons ;
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons ;
But now his Honor man'nt detach
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,

Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
She's swingein thro' the city !
Mark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
I vow it's unco pretty :

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himself,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions !
 See, how he peels the skin an' fell
 As ane were peelin onions !
 Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come, bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :
 M******, R*****, are the boys
 That Heresy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoysé,
 And cowe her measure shorter
 By th' head some day,

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,

To ev'ry *New Light** mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion :
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion

Like oil, some day.

* *New Light* is a cant-phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

THE

C A L F.

*To the Rev. Mr._____, on his text, MALACHI,
ch. iv. vers. 2. ' And they shall go forth, and
grow up, like CALVES of the stall.'*

RI G H T, Sir ! your text I'll prove it true
Tho' Heretics may laugh ;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf* !

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk* !

But if the Lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
You e'er should be a *Stot* !



Tho', when some kind connubial Dear
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of *Horns*.

And, in your lug, most reverend J—,
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the *Nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead.
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 'Here lies a famous *Bullock*!'

A D D R E S S

TO THE

D E I L.

*O Prince! O chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—*

MILTON.

O Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

Heat me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon Iowin heugh's thy name,
 Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin' ;
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin',
 Tirlin' the kirks ;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
 Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fight the nightly wand'rer's way,
 With eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman !
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin',
 Wi' eerie drone ;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin',
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentin light ;
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my sieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick,
 Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *bigs*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence, contra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain!
For, O! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;

An' dawtit', twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill,

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond keen, an' cruse;
When the best wark-hume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Travllers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your mose-traversing *Spunkies*
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monxies
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is;
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons* mystic word an' grip,
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat, your rage maw stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest Brother, ye wad whip
 Aff straught to h-ll.

Lang syne in *Eden*'s bonie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, snick drawing dog!
 Ye cam to Paradise incog.,
 An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa'!)
 An' gied the infant world a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, and reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
 'Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the *man of Uzz*
 Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how you gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house and hal',
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 And lows'd his ill-tongue'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warit ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue or Ewe,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin
 To your black pit ;
 But faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.

* Vide *MILTON*, Book VI.

But, fare ye weel, auld *Nickie-ben* !
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a *stake*—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake ?

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

OF

POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

AS *Mailie*, an her lambs thegither,
 Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 And soon she warf'd in the ditch :
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When *Hugboc** he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor *Hugboc* like a statue stan's ;
 He saw her days were near hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
 He gaped wide, but naething spak,
 At length poor *Mailie* silence brak :

‘ O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case !

* Neibor herd-callan.

My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

‘ Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' Lambs and packs of woo'!

‘ Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge, I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

‘ O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

‘ An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
To slink thro' flaps, an' leave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheer.

So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

‘ My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !
An' wain him, what I wianna name,
To stay content, wi' yowes at hame ;
An' no to rin an' wear their cloots,
Like ither menselis, graceleis brutes.

‘ An' neist my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop ;
But ay keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thy sel !

‘ And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith :
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

‘ Now, honest *Hugbot*, dinna fail
To tell my Master, a' my tale ;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou se get my blather.’

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead !

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' fuit tears trickling down your nose ;
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,

Paft a' remead !

The last sad cape-stone of his woes ;

Poor Mailie's dead.

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That cou'd fae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed :

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,

In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
 A lang half mile she could discry him ;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,

She ran wi' speed :

A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,

Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense :

I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed,

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
 Sin' *Mailie's dead.*

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image in her *yowe*,
 Comes bleating to him ow're the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawit ket, an' hairy hips ;
 For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae yont the *Tweed* ;
 A bonier *fleesb* ne'er crost'd the clips
Than *Mailie*'s dead.

Wae worth the man wha' first did shape
 That vile wanchancie thing — *a rape* !
 It maks guid fellows gирн an' gape
Wi' chokin dread ;
 An' *Robin*'s bonnet weave wi' crape
For *Mailie*'s dead.

O, a' ye Bards an bonie *Doon* !
 An' wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune !
 Come, join the melancholious croon
O *Robin*'s reed !
 His heart will never get aboon !
His *Mailie*'s dead.

T O

J. S* * * *

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of Life, and solder of Society!
I owe thee much—*

BLAIR.

DEAR S*****, the sleekest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ;
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on every feature,
She's wrote, *the Man.*

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerket up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash,
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an aim I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But in requit,
 Has blest me with a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en asklent,
 To try my fate in guid black *prent* ;
 But still the mair I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, 'Hoolie !'
 ' I red you, honest man, tak tent !
 ' Ye'll shaw your folly.

There's ither Poets, much your betters,
 Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,

‘ Hae thought they had ensur’d their debtors,
 ‘ A’ future ages ;
 ‘ Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 ‘ Their unknown pages.’

Then farewell hopes o’ laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I’ll rove where busy ploughs,
 Are whistling thrang,
 An’ teach the lanely heights an’ howes
 My rustic sang.

I’ll wander on with tentless heed,
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread :
 Then, all unknown,
 I’ll lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why, o’ death, begin a tale ?
 Just now we’re living sound an’ hale !
 Then top and maintop croud the sail,
 Heave Care o’er-side !
 And large, before enjoyment’s gale,
 Let’s tak the tide.

This life, sae far’s I understand,
 Is a’ enchanted fairy-land,

Where pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Mak^s Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speeld,
 See, crazy, weary, joyleſs Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creeping pace.

When ence *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
 Then fareweel vacant, careleſs roamin ;
 An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
 An' ſocial noife ;
 An' fairweel dear, deluding *woman*,
 The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We brisk away,
 Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play,

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;

And tho' the puny wound appear,

Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
No care or pain ;

And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain,

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan' ;
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin' ;
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zig-zag on ;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
They often groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining —
But truce with peevish, poor complaining !
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waining ?
E'en let her gang !
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, * Ye Pow'rs! and warm implore,
 * Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
 ' In all her climes,
 * Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 ' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

* Gie dreeping roasts to contra Lairds,
 * Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 * Gie fine brae claes to fine Life-guards,
 ' And Maids of honour,
 * And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
 ' Until the sconner.

* A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;
 * A garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 * Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
 ' In cent. per cent ;
 But give me real, Sterling Wit,
 ' And I'm content.

* While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 * I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 * Be't *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
 ' Wi' chearfu face,
 * As lang's the muses dinna fail
 ' To say the grace.*

An' anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jounk beneath Misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tidelefs-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives a dyke !

Nae hair brain'd, sentimental traces
 In your unlettered, nameless faces !
 In *arioso* thrills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But *gravissimo*, solemn bases
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wife* ;
 Nae ferly tho' ye'do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram stam boys,
 The rattling squad :
 I see ye upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then *Jamie*, I shall fay nae mair,
 But quat my *fang*,
Content with *You* to mak a pair,
 Where'er I gang.

A

D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason ;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.*

[On reading, in the public papers, the *Laureate's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee ; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*.]

I.

GOOD-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !
• May Heaven augment your blisses,
On every new *Birth-day* ye see,
An humble Bardie wishes !
My Bardship here at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang the Birth day dresses
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang
 By many a lord an' lady ;
 ' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay ;
 The Poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you true ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

III.

For me ! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter ;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
 Your Kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie waur been o' the Race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 Eut Facts are Chiels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your Royal Nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft and clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it,
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire
 To rule this mighty nation ;
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire* ;
 Ye've trusted Ministratin
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaster,
 Your fair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a taster :
 For me, thank God ! my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
 Or, faith ! I fear that wi' the geese,
 I shortly boast to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will*'s a true good fellow's get,
 A name not Envy spairges),
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges ;
 But, G-d lake ! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonny Barges
 Aa' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may Freedom geck-
 Beneath your high protection;
 An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection!
 But sin' I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In royal, true affection,
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subje~~ction~~.

This great Birth-day.

IX.

Haik, *Majesty mo~~st~~ Excellent!*
 While Nobles strive to please Ye,
 Will Ye accept a compliment,
 A simple Bardie gies Ye?
 Thae bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze Ye
 In blis, till Fate some day is sent
 For ever to release Ye.

Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young *Potentate o' W—*,
 I tell your *Highbnes* fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely!
 But some day ye may kna your nails,
 An' curse your folly fairly,
 That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*

By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowt's* been known:

To make a nobler *Aiver* ;
 Sae ye may, doucely, fill a throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver :
 There *Him* * at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †
 He was an unco shaver,
 For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'red *O——g*,
 Nane sets the *lawn sleeve* sweeter,
 Altho' a ribban at your lug.
 Wad been a dress completer :
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys o' Peter,
 Then, swith ! 'an get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth ! ye'll stain the Mitre

Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry-Breeks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious *Galley* §, stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,

* King Henry.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare.

§ Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An' large upo' her quarter
 Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a'
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty :
 But sneer na *British* boys awa',
 For Kings are uneo-scant ay ;
 An' German Gentles are but *sma'*,
 They're better just than *want* ay

On onie day.

XV.

God bless yon a'! consider now
 Ye're unco muckle dautet ;
 But 'ere the *course* o' life be through,
 It may be better fauted :
 An' I hae seen their *cogie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it ;
 But or the *day* was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae elandet

Fu' clean that day.

V. I. S. I. O. N.

DUAN FIRST.

THE Sun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd Maukin, ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

There, lanely, by the ingle cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewin' reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast provokin' sneek,
The auld clay biggin,
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

* *Duan*, a term of Offian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Leda*, vol. 2, of M^c Pherson's Translation.

All in this mottie, misty clime
 I backward mused on wastet time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,

An' done nae-thing:
 But stringin' blethers up in rhyme
 For fools to sing?

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a Bank, and clarkit

My cash account:
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I henceforth would be *rhyme-proof*
 Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw,
 And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 A tiglit outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
 Come full in sight;

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd was crusht ;
 I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht

In some wild glen
 When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
 Were twisted gracefu', round her brows,
 I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
 By that same token ;
 And come to stop those reckless vows,
 Would soon been broken.

A “ hair-brained, sentimental trace ”
 Was strongly marked in her face ;
 A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her ;
 Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
 And such a leg ! my bonny *Jean*
 Could only peer it ;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
 Nane else came near.

Her Mantle large of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling threw
 A lustre grand ;
 And seem'd to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
 There mountains to the skies were toss'd ;
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
 With surging foam ;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome,

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
 There, well-fed *Irvine* stately thuds ;
 And hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore ;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
 Still as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,

Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a Race* heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seemed to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR†, mark him well!
 Bold Richardton's‡ heroic swell;
 The Chief on Sark § who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And He whom ruthless Fates expell
 His native land.

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.

§ Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglas Earl of Ormond at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought ANNO 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

There, where a sleep'r'd *Pictish** shade
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial Race pourtray'd
 In colours strong ;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
 They strode along.

† Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for Love,
 In musing mood)
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

‡ With deep struck, reverential awe,
 The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law

They gave their lore,
 This, all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward § I well could spy,
 Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;

* Coilus King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle
 is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the
 family seat of the Montgomeries of Coils-field, where his burial
 place is still shown.

† Barkskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

‡ Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor
 Stewart.

§ Colonel Fullarton.

Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 Where many a Patriot-name on high
 And Hero shone

D U A N S E C O N D.

With musing deep astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair*;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

‘ All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
 ‘ In me thy native Muse regard !
 ‘ Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ‘ Thus poorly low !
 ‘ I come to give thee such reward
 ‘ As we bestow.

‘ Know, the great *Genius* of this land,
 ‘ Has many a light aerial band,
 ‘ Who, all beneath his high command,
 ‘ Harmoniously,
 ‘ As Arts or Arms they understand,
 ‘ Their labours ply.

‘ They Scotia's Race among them share ;
 ‘ Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;

- Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
‘ Corruption’s heart :
- Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
‘ The tuneful art.
- ‘ Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
- Or mid the venal Senate’s roar,
‘ They, sightless, stand,
- To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
‘ And grace the hand.
- And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
‘ Charm or instruct the future age,
- They bind the wild Poetic rage
‘ In energy,
- Or point the inconclusive page
‘ Full on the eye.
- Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young,
‘ Hence, *Dempster*’s zeal-inspired tongue;
- Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
‘ His “ Minstrel lays; ”
- Or tore, with noble ardour flung,
The *Sceptic*’s bays.
- To lower orders are assign’d
‘ The humble ranks of Human kind,
- The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
‘ The Artisan;

‘ All chuse, as various they’re inclin’d,
 ‘ The various man,

‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 ‘ The threat’ning storm, some strongly, rein;
 ‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain
 ‘ With tillage-skill;
 ‘ And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
 ‘ Blythe o’er the hill.

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile;
 ‘ Some grace the maiden’s artless smile;
 ‘ Some soothe the Lab’yer’s weary toil
 ‘ For humble gains,
 ‘ And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district space,
 ‘ Explore at large Man’s infant race,
 ‘ To mark the embryotic trace
 ‘ Of *rustic Bard*;
 ‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard.

‘ *Of these am I—Coila* my name;
 ‘ And this district as mine I claim,
 ‘ Where once the *Campbell* chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r:
 ‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour.

' With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 ' Fond on thy little early ways,
 ' Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
 ' In uncouth rhymes,
 ' Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
 ' Of other times.

' I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar ;
 ' Or when the North his fleecy store
 ' Drove thro' the sky,
 ' I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 ' Strike thy young eye.

' Or when the deep green-mapt'l'd Earth
 ' Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 ' And joy and music pouring forth
 ' In every grove,
 ' I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 ' With boundless love.

' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 ' Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
 ' I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 ' And lonely stalk,
 ' To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
 ' In pensive walk.

When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ' Th' adored *Name*,
 I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ' To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
 ' By Passion driven ;
 But yet the *light* that led astray
 Was *light* from Heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 ' Thy fame extends ;
 And some, the pride of *Coila*'s plains,
 ' Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor I can shew,
 To paint with *Thomson*'s landscape glow ;
 Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ' With *Shenstone*'s art ;
 Or pour with *Gray*, the moving flow
 ' Warm on the heart.

‘ Yet, all beneath th’ unrivall’d Rose,
 ‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows ;
 ‘ Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws
 ‘ His arm’d shade,
 ‘ Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
 ‘ Adown the glade.

 ‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ‘ Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 ‘ And trust me, not *Potofo*’s mine,
 ‘ Nor Kings regard,
 ‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 ‘ A rustic Bard.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
 ‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ‘ Preserve the dignity of *Man*,
 ‘ With Soul erect ;
 ‘ And trust the *Universal Plan*
 ‘ Will all protect.

‘ *And wear thou this*—she solemn said,
 And bound the *Holly* round my head :
 The polished leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

A D D R E S S .
 TO THE
 U N C O G U I D ,
 OR THE
 R I G I D LY R I G H T E O U S .

*My Son, these Maxim's make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither :
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither :
 The cleaneſt corn that e'er was dight
 May hae ſome pyles o' caff in ;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature ſlight
 For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii.

I.

O YE wha are ſae guid yourſel
 Sae pious and ſae holy,
 Ye've nougnt to do but mark and tell
 Your Neebours' fauts and folly ;
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' ſtore o' water,
 The heapet happer's ebbing ſtill,
 And ſtill the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's deer
 For glakit Folly's portals ;
 I, for their thoughtleſs, careleſs fakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donſie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye ſee your ſtate wi' their's compar'd,
 And ſhudder at the niffer,
 But caſt a moment's fair regard
 What makes the mighty differ ;
 Discount what ſcant occaſion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the leave)
 Your better art o' hidin.

IV.

Think, when your caſtigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragings muſt his veins convulſe
 That ſtill eternal gallop :
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye ſcud your ſea-way ;
 But, in the teeth o' baith to fail,
 It makes an unco leeway.

[FOY]

V.

See, Social Life and Glee sit down
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking :
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expences !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames ;
Ty'd up in godly laces ;
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination —
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're ablins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman ;
Tho' they may gang a-kennin wrang
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it ;
And juist as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the Heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's *refused*.

TAM SAMSON'S*

E L E G Y.

An honest man's the noblest work of God—

POPE.

HAS auld K***** seen the Deil?
Or great M***** † thrown his heel?
Or R***** † again grown weel,

To preach an' read?

Na' waur than a' cries ilka chiel,
Tam Samson's dead!

K***** lang may grunt an' grain,
An' sigh, an' fab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Offian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the mairs. On this hint the author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. Vide the ORDINATION, p. 54.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*
 May hang their head in wofu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco deuel,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
 Wi'-gleefome spied,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king of a' the Core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar,
 In time o' need,
 But now he lags on Death's *bog score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,
 And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And Eels weel kend for couple tail,
 And Cods for greed,
 Since dark in Death's *fib-creel* we wail
 Tam Samson's dead !

Rejoice, ye birring Patricks a' ;
 Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouesly craw !

Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal Fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But Och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
 Tam Samson's dead !

In vain Auld-age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters !
 In vain the burns came down like waters,
 An acre-braid !
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin clatters,
 Tam Sampson's dead !

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims wi' tout o' Trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;

‘ L—d, five !’ he cry’d, an’ owre did stagger ;
 Tam Samson’s dead !

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn’d a brither ;
 Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan’d a father ;
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the hether,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote in Rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson’s dead !

When August winds the hether wave,
 And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three vollies let his mem’ry crave
 O pouther an’ lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson’s dead !

Heav’n rest his soul, whare’er he be !
 Is th’ wish o’ many mae than me :
 He had twa faults, or may be three,
 Yet what remead ?
 Ae social, honest man want we :
 Tam Samson’s dead !

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting Zealots, spare him !
 If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' nauks o' Killie,^{*}
 Tell ev'ry social honest bilie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin !

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

The following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the History of Human Nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

H A L L O W E E N*.

*Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night when Fairies light.
 On *Cassis Downans* † dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;
 Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the *Cove* ‡, to stray an' rove,
 Amang the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad, on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly, those aerial people, the Fairies, are said on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the *Cove* of Colean; which, as well as *Cassis Downans*, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

[NO]

II.

Among the bonie, winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where Bauc ^{*} aince rul'd the martial ranks,
 An shook his *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, contra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' *pu* their stocks,
 An' haud their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses seat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm an' kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin,

Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks [†] maun a' be saught aince;

* The famous family of that name, the ancestors of *Robert the great Deliverer of his country*, were Earls of *Carrick*.

† The first ceremony of *Halloween* is, pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand,

They stekk their een, an' grape an' wale,

For muckle anes, an' straught anes;
Roor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,

An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,

A runt was like a sow-tail,

Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,

They roar an' cry a throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,

Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther:
An' gif the *cuckoo*'s sweet or sour,

Wi' jocteleg's they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,

Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses shaw frae 'mang them a',

To pou their *stalks*,^s corn*;

with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird* or earth stick to the root, that is Tocher, or Fortune; and the taste of the *cuckoo*, that is, the heart of the Stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *rants*, are placed some where above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *Rants*, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*,

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn;
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
 Loud skirl'da' the lasses;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost.
 When kiutlin i' the Fause-house *
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* †
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses fates.
 Are there that night decided;
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' *burn* thegither trimly;
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out ower the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

that is the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

* When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a Fause-house.

† Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is me,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
 As they would ne'er mair part,
 Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
 To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *how-kail runt*,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ;
 An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie ;
 Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, an' swoor by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
 She pits herself an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin :
 Nell's heart was dancing at the view,
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't :

Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bony mou',

Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,

Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,

Her thoughts on Andrew Bell!

She lea'es them gashin' at their cracka,

An' slips out by hersel':

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,

An' to the kiln she goes then,

An' darklin' grapit for the bauks,

And in the *Blue-clue** throws then,

Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,

I wat she made nae jaukin';

Till something held within the pat,

Guid L—d! but she was quakin'!

But whether 'twas the Deil himself,

Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',

Or whether it was Andrew Bell,

She did na wait on talkin'

To spier that night.

* Whoever woud, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew of the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand *who holds?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

XIII.

‘ Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
 ‘ Will ye go wi’ me graunie?
 ‘ I’ll eat the apple * at the glass,
 ‘ I gat frae uncle Johnie :’
 She fufft her pipe wi’ sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was fae vap’rin,
 She notic’t na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron

Out thro’ that night.

XIV.

‘ Ye little Skelpie-limmers face !
 ‘ I daur you trie sic sportin,
 ‘ As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 ‘ For him to spae your fortune :
 Nae dout but ye may get a fight !
 ‘ Great cause you hae to fear it,
 ‘ For many aane has gotten a fright.
 ‘ An’ liv’d an’ di’d delecret,

‘ On sic a night.

XV.

‘ Ae Hairt afore the Sherra-moor,
 ‘ I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,
 I was a gilfy then, I’m sure
 ‘ I was na past fifteen :

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

‘ The Summer had been cold an’ wat,
 ‘ An’ fluff was unco green;
 ‘ An’ ay a rantin’ kirn we gat,
 ‘ An’ just on *Halloween*.

‘ It fell that night.

XVI.

‘ Our Stibble-rig was Rab M’Graen,
 ‘ A clever sturdy fallow;
 ‘ His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi’ wean,
 ‘ That liv’d in Achmacalla;
 ‘ He gat *hemp-seed**, I mind it weel,
 ‘ An’ he made unco light o’t;
 ‘ But monie a day was *by himsel*,
 ‘ He was sae fairly frightened,

‘ That vera night.’

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin’ Jamie Fleck,
 An’ he fwoor by his conscience,
 That he could *faw* *hemp-seed* a peck;
 For it was a’ but nonsense:
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An’ out a hanfu’ gied him;

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, “ Hemp-seed I saw thee, Hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee.” Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, “ Come after me and shaw thee,” that is show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, “ come after me and harrow thee.”

Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Some time when nae ane seed him,
 An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' among the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin'
 The *grap* he for a *barrow* taks,
 An' hauls at his curpin':
 And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 ' Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 ' An' her that is to be my lass
 ' come after me an' draw thee
 ' As fast that night.'

XIX.

He whistled up Lord Lenox' march
 To keep his courage cheary;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie;
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
 Out owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation!
 An' young an' auld come rinnin' out,
 An' hear the sad narration:

p-seed;
 w after
 Hemp-
 y true
 our left
 invok-
 s say,
 lf; in
 wing,

He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but *Grumpie*

Altaer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain would to the *Barn* gaen,
 To *wi:n three wechts o'naething**;
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the Barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples

That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi:cannie throw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters;

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the Barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the being about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect, we call a *Wecht*, and go thro' all the attitudes of letting down Corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass thro' the Barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance of retinac marking the employment or Station in life.

A *ratton*, rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, *L - d* preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal an fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoyt out *Will*, wi' fair advice;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane;
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he faddom't thrice, *
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin':
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome *Carlin*;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin ia blypes cam haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow *Leezie* was,
 As kantic as a kittlin';
 But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin'!
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bere-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

Where three Laird's lands met at a burn *,
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazzle,
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens on the brae
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler Quay
 Gat up an gied a croon :
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
 But maist a fit an' in the Pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

* You go out one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three Laird's lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth stane,
 The *Luggies* three * are ranged ;
 An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry fangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 And unco tales, an' funie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheary :
 Till butter'd so'ns †, wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a steerin' ;
 Syne, wi' a social glaas o' lunt,
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blythe that night.

* Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty : blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand ; if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.

T H E

AULD FARMER'S

NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

T O H I S

AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to banſh
in the New-Year.*

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!

Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie :

Tho' thou's how-backit, now, an' knaggie,

I've seen the day

Thou could hae gaen like any staggie

Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy.

An' thy auld hide as white's a daifie,

I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,

A bonie gray :

He should been tight that daur't to *raife* thee,

Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er tread yird;
 An' could hae flown out owre a stank
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my Guid-father's *Meere*;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark;
 Tho' it was *sma'*, 'twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*;
 Ye then was trottin wi' your *Minnie*;
 Tho' ye was trickie, flee an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was dossie;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 An' unco dossie.

That day' ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride*
 An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
 Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
 For sic a pair,

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and heble,
 An' wiatle like a *saumont-coble*,

That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!

An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skiegn,
An' stable-meals at fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,
An' tak the road!

Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Where'er thou gaed,

The sma', droop rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle,
But fax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gart them whaizle?
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hiazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,

Hae turn'd fax rood beside our han',
 For days thegither.

Thou never brandg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel fill'd briskit,
 Wi' pith an power,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' risket,
 An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
 An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
 I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap.
 Aboon the timmer;
 I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
 For that, or Simmer,

In cart or car thou never reestit;
 The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
 Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
 Then stood to blaw;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

My *plugh* is now thy bairntime a';
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forby fax mae I've sell't awa.
 That thou hast nurst;
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary, warl' fought;
 An' monie an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat!
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my old trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last *few*,
 A heapit *Stimpard*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither!
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE

C O T T E R'S

SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq.

*Let not Ambition mock their usual toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd much respected friend !
 No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise ;
 To you I sing, in simple Scottiſh lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
 The native feelings strong, the guileſſ ways,
 What A**** in a Cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I
 ween !

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh ;
 The short'ning winte r-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattock, and his hoes,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
 bend.

III.

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee,
 His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth flane, his thrifty *Wifie*'s smile,
 The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care begaile.
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
 At service out amang the Farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown ;
 Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers ;
 The social hours, swift wing'd unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncous that he sees or hears.
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view ;
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle aund her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amait as weel's the new ;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command
 The-yonkers a' are warned to obey ;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
 And O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 ' And mind your *duty*, duely, morn an' night !
 ' Left in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his counsel and affisiting might :
 ' They never faught in vain that faught the *Lord* !
 ' aright.'

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door,
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame,
 The wily mother sees the conscious flaine.
 Sparkle in *Jenny*'s e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,

While *Jenny* haffins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worth-
 less rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The Father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy.
 What makes the youth sae bashfu', and sae grave ;
 Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn*'s respected like the
 lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much, this weary *mortal round*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare —
 ‘ If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 ‘ One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
 ‘ Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
 ‘ In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 ‘ Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning
 ‘ gale.’

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart —
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet *Jenny*'s unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction
 wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome *Porritch*, chief of *Scotia*'s food :
 The soup their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal *Wifie*, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld fin' *Lint* was i' the bell !

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The Sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in *Zion* glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 'And let us worship God !' he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps *Dundee*'s wild-warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive *Martyrs* worthy of the name ;
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
 Compard with these, Italian thrills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our *Creator's* praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *Friend of God* on high ;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
 With *Analeck's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiab's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head :
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand,
 And heard great *Babylon's* doom pronounce'd by *Hea-*
v'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The Saint, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays :
 Hope, ' springs exultant on triumphant wing *,'
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days :
 They ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's every grace except the heart !
 The *Power* incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul ;
 And in his *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling Cottagers retire to rest :
 The Parent pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,

* Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God !'
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy *Wallace*' heart;
Who dar'd to nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part;
(The Patriot's *God* peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!)
O never, never *Scotia*'s realm desert,
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
In bright succession raise, her Ornament and guard.

M O U S E

On turning her up in her nest, with the Plough,

November 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie!

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awae sae hasty;

Wi' bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to run an' chase thee

Wi' murd'ring patile!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-bora companion,

An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen-icker in a tbrave

'S a sma' request;

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit houſe too in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast;
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel Coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee monie a wearie nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
 I *guess* and *fear*!

A

WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wherefoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pityless storm !
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these——*

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leaf-less bow'r ;
 When *Phabus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
 Far south the lift,
 Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift.

At night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choaked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

Lift'ning, the doors an winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
 Beneath a fear.

Ilk happenig bird, wee helpless thing !
 That in the merry months o' Spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee ?
 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing ?
 An close thy e'e ?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pityless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now *Phœbe*, in her midnight reign,
 Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow-solemn, stole.—

“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 * And freeze, thou bitter biting frost !

' Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
 ' Not all your rage, as now, united shows
 ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 ' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 ' Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother man bestows !
 ' See stern oppression's iron grip,
 ' Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 ' Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 ' Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land !
 ' Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 ' Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale.
 ' How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by her side,
 ' The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 ' With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 ' Looks o'er proud Property extended wide ;
 ' And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 ' Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 ' A creature of another kind,
 ' Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
 ' Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below !
 ' Where, where is Love's fond tender throe,
 ' With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 ' The pow'rs you proudly own ;
 ' Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 ' Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 ' To bless himself alone !

' Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
 ' To love pretending snares,
 ' This boasted Honor turns away,
 ' Shunning soft Pity's rising sway !
 ' Regardless of the Tears and unavailing pray'rs !
 ' Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
 ' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ' And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 ' blast !

' Oh, ye ! who funk in beds of down,
 ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ' Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 ' I'll-satisfy'd keen nature's clam'rous call,
 ' Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ' Chill, o'er his slumbers piles the drift'ry heap !
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 ' Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 ' Guilt, erring Man, relenting view !
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ' The Wretch, already crushed low
 ' By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow ?
 ' Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 ' A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !'

I heard nae mair for *Chanticleer* !
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,

And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage rousing craw.
But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles GOD.

E P I S T L E

TO

D A V I E,

A B R O T H E R P O E T.

L

January --

WHILE winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time
 And spin a verse or twa' o' rhyme,
 In hamely, westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But banker, and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

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VOL.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How beft o' chiel's are whyles in want,
 While Coofs on countless thousands raat
 And ken na how to wair't :
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 " Mair spier na, nor fear na"*,
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't the worst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is this,
 Is, doubtless, great distress ?
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 O' truest happiness,
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile :
 An' mind still you'll find still
 A comfort that's nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then we'll care then,
 Nae farther we can fa'.

IV.

What tho' like Commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal'?
 Yet Nature's charms the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.

In days when Daisies deck the ground,
 And Black-birds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year :

On breas when we please, then,
 We'll sit and sowth a tune ;
 Syne *rhyme* till't we'll time aill't,
 An' sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in makin' muckle *mair* :
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If Happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures nor pleasures
 Could make us haply lang ;
 The *heart* ay's the part ay
 That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

hink ye, that sick as you and I,
ha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never ceasing toil ;
hink ye are we less blest than they,
ha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?
as ! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot i' excess !

Baith careless and tearless
Of either Heaven or Hell ;
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale !

VII.

ken let us clearfu' acquiesce,
make our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state :
I, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
are wha fit hae met wi' some,
an's thankfu' for them yet,
ay gie the wit o' Age to Youth !
hey let us ken oursel ;
y make us see the naked truth,
be real guid and ill :
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe ;
here's wit there, ye'll get there,
Yell find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie, Ace o' Hearts* ;
 (To say aught, less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
 The Lover an' the Frien' ;
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean* !
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name* ;
 It heats me, it beats me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

IX.

O all you Pow'rs who rule above !
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love* !
Thou know'ft my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear Immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief,
 And solace to my breast :
 Thou *Being*, All-seeing.
 O hear my fervent pray'r !
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care ?

All hail! ye tender feeling dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetick glow!
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you!
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In ev'ry care and ill;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still:
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with,
 My *Davis*, or my *Jean*!

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken!
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an' unco fit:
 But least then the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

T H E

L A M E N T

O C C A S I O N E D B Y

THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

O R A

F R I E N D ' S A M O U R.

*Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound it self !
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe.*

HOME.

I.

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a Wretch, who only pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream !

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, distant hill :
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
 My fondly fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
 Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning Peace !

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim :
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
 The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
 The oft-attested Pow'r's above ;
 The *promis'd Father's tender name* :
 These were the pledges of my love.

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms—
 For her dear sake, and her's alone !
 And, must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to Honor, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth?
 Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
 Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share and make them less?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd,
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room!
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe;
 I see the hours, in long array,
 That I must suffer, ling'ring, slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen Recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,

My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief :
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright :
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O ! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway !
 Oft has thy silent-marking glaunce
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray !
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh ! scene in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes, never, never to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel; again I burn !
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' ;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

XI.

DESPONDENCY;

A N O D E.

I.

O PPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh :
 Q Life ! thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim-backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning Scenes appear !
 What Sorrows ~~yet~~ may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still eating, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb...

II.

Happy ! ye sons of Busy-life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.

You, bustling and juggling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
Beside his chrystral well !
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,

A faint-collected dream :
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art :

But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate ;
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

V.

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown !
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage ;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining Age !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A. D. I. R. G. E.

I.

WHEN chill November's sultry blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou,
 Began the rev'rend Sage :
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast begao
 To wander forth with me, to mourn
 The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride ;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun,
 Twice forty times return ;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That Man was made to mourn..

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time ;
 Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious Passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
 That Man was made to mourn..

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or Manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right :
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With Cares and Sorrows worn,
 Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill match'd pair !
 Show Man was made to mourn..

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap careft ;

Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
 Are likewise truly blest,
 But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
 All wretched and forlorn,
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was Made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, Remorse, and Shame !
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man,
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*,
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
 By Nature's law design'd,
 Why was an independant wish
 E'er planted in my mind ?

If not, why am I subject to

His cruelty, or scorn ?

Or why has Man the will and pow'r

To make his fellow mourn ?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,

Disturb thy youthful breast :

This partial view of human-kind

Is surely not the *last* !

The poor, oppressed, honest man,

Had never, sure, been born,

Had there not been some recompense

To comfort those that mourn !

XI.

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,

The kindest and the best !

Welcome the hour my aged limbs

Are laid with thee at rest !

The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,

From pomp and pleasure torn ;

But, Oh ! a blest relief to those

That weary-laden mourn !

W I N T E R.

A D I R G E.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw ;
 Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snew :
 While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

II.

“ The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast *,”
 The joyless Winter day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The Tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy pleafe,
 Their fate resembles mine !

* Dr. Young.

III.

*Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy Will* !*
*Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Affit me to *resign* !*

P R A Y E R,

I N T H E

P R O S P E C T O F D E A T H.

I.

O T H O U unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
 Or *frailty* slept aside,
 Do Thou *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
 In shades of *darkness* hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other *Plea* I have,
 But, *Thou art good*; and *Goodness* still
 Delighteth to forgive.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene ?
 Have I found it so full of pleasing charms ?
 Some drops of joy with drops of ill between ;
 Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms :
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
 Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, ‘ Forgive my soul offence !’
 Fain promise never more to disobey ;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair Virtue’s way ;
 Again in folly’s path might go astray ;
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;
 Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
 Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy’s plan ?
 Who sin so oft have mourn’d, yet to temptation ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine !*

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Lying at a Reverend Friend's house, one night, the Author left the following Verses in the room where he slept :—

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know Thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

II.

The hoary fire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a Parents wish,

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band.
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
 Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A family in Heaven.

T H E

F I R S T P S A L M.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way
 Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And like the rootless stubble tost,
 Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore
 Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !

O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine !

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[171]

THE

FIRST SIX VERSES

OF THE

NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountain heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command ;

That Pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ;
Again thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
‘ Return ye into nought ! ’

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep :
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

T O A

MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough in

April 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

Alas ! its no thy neebor sweet
 The bonie *Lark*, companion meet !
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histic ~~stibble~~-field,
 Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
 In humble guise ;
 But now the ~~shaws~~ uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soild, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent Lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes have striv'n,

By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heaven*;
 He, ruin'd, sink.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom.

TO

R . U . I . N .

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall!
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of Grief and Pain,
 A sullen welcome, all!
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart;
 For one has cut my dearest tye,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread;
 Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhor'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,

O! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's *joyless* day?
My weary heart its throbings cease,
Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped,
Within thy cold embrace!

T O

M I S S L

With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-Year's Gift,
Jan. 1, 1787,

A G A I N the silent wheels of time.
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The Infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our Sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

E P I S T L E
TO A
YOUNG FRIEND,

May — 1786.

I

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind *memento* ;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restriked :
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na' censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer :
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet have nae *caib* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel' ;
 Ye scarcely tell to ony :
 Conceal yoursel as weel's you can,
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriently indulge it ;

But never tempt th' *illcit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrefies the feeling !

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Affidious wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justifi'd by Honor :
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independant*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's, a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your Honor grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause.—
 Debar a' side pretences,
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *Creature* ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to rage,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended ?

X.

When ranting round in Pleasures ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *random* fling,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In Ploughman's phrase, ‘ God send you speed,’ !
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reck the *rede*,
 Than e'er did th' Adviser !

ON A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mourn wi' me!
 Our Billie's gien us a' a jink,
 An' owre the Sea!

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
 Wha dearly like a random splore ;
 Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
 In social key ;
 For now he's ta'en another shore,
 An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wif him,
 And in their dear *petitions* place him :
 The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him
 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
 For weell I wat they'll saudly miss him
 That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as onie wumble,
 That's owre the Sea.

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear :
 'Twill make her poor, auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee :
 He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
 That's owre the Sea.

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-wester* ?
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
 A-jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under fortunes cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree ;
 So, row't his burdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;

Wi' him it ne'er was *under biding* ;
 He dealt it free :
 The muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel :
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee :
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That's owre the Sea.

Farewell, my *rhyme-composing billie* !
 Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
 But may ye flourish-like a lily,
 Now bonilie :
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the Seal

H A G G I S.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsic face,
 Great Chieftan o' the Puddin race !
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,

Painch, tripe, or thairm :

Weel are you wordy o' a grace

As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill

In time o' need,

While thro' your pores the dews distill

Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready flight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright

Like onie ditch :

And then, O' what a glorious sight,

Warm-reekin, rich !

Then, horn for horn they stretch and strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

Till a' their wee-swall'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums ;
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
 Or *fricoffee* wad make her spew
 Wi' perfect scunner,
 Looka down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
 On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a' wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit ;
 Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed*,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whissle
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae stinkin' ware
 That jaups in luggies ;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a *haggis* !

A

DEDICATION

TO

O**** H******, Esq.

EXPECT ns, sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fletch'rin Dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an noble bluid;
 Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*
 Perhaps related to the race:
 Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
 Wi' monie a fulsome, finfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou;
 For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
 For, LORD be thankit, *I can plough*;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, LORD be thankit, *I can beg*;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nac flat'rin,
 It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
He may do well for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want :
What's no his ain, he winna tak it :
What ance he says, he wiiana break it ;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidnes is abus'd ;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang :
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae *godly sympton* ye can ca' that ;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.

That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whose stay an' trust is
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a Brother to his back;
 Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re.
 But point the Rake that takts the *door*;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstane;
 And haud their noses to the grumstane;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
 No matter—flick to *sound believng*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang wry faces!
 Grunt up a solemn' lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' Parties but your own;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy; staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-lv-n*,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!

!

When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *befqm*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ;
 While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

}

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;
 But when Divinity comes croſs me,
 My readers still are ſure to lose me.

So, Sir, you ſee 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them ſomething like yourſel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
 And your Petitioner ſhall ever —
 I had amaift ſaid, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need nae ſay :
 For prayin I hae little ſkill o't ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
 But I'ſe repeat each poor man's *pray'r* .
 That kens or hears about you, Sir —

• May ne'er Misfortune, s gowling bark,
 • Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 • May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,
 • For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 • May K*****'s, far-honour'd name
 • Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 • Till H*****'s, at leaft a diz'n,
 • Are frae their nuptial labors risen :
 • Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 • And sev'n braw Fellows, stout an' able,
 • To serve their King an' Country weel,
 • By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 • May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 • Shine on the ev'ning o' his days !
 • Till his wee, curlie *John*'s ier-oe,
 • When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 • The laſt, ſad, mournful rites beſlow !

I will not wind a long conclusion,
 With complimentary effusion ;
 But whilſt your wiſhes and endeavours,
 Are bleſt with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, Dear Sir, with zeal moſt fervent,
 Your muſt indebted, humble ſervant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted *Carl*, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By ſad mistakes, and black miſchances,

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more ;
For who would humbly serve the Poor ?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim lad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my *Master* dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend* and *Brother* !

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !
 Your impudence protects you fairlie :
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace ;
 'Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparingly
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blaslit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd, by faunt an' sinner,
 How daur ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a Lady !
 Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle
 In shoals and nations ;
 Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight ;
 Na faith yê yet ! ye'll no be right ;

Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
 O' *Miss's bonnet.*

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump an' gray as onie grozet :
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red smeddum,
 I'd gie ye sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy,
 Or ablins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat ;
 But *Miss's fine Lunardi ! fie !*
 How daur you do't ?

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abroad !
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blaftie's makin',
 Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
 Are notice takin' !

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae many a blunder free us

An' foolish notion:

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ee'n Devotion!

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A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs ;
 From marking wildly scatter'd flow'r's
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendor rise :
 Here justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarr'd, their lib'ral mind
 Above the narrow, rural vale :
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

IV

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair B—— strikes the adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar ;
 Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing War,
 And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,

Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home ?
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal Name, low in the dust !
 Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply my Sires have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your Fathers led !

VIII.

Edina ! *Scotia's* darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's fav'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

E P I S T L E

T O

J. L * * * * K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
 An' Patrick's scraichin loud at e'en,
 And morning Pouffie whiddin seen
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin
 To ea' the crack and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At *sang about*.

There was *ae sang*, among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address'd

To some sweet wife :

It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark ?

They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't ;
An' sae about him there I spier't ;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,

He had *ingine*,

That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel',

Or witty catches,

'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale

He had few matches.

Then up I gat' an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,

Or die a cadger pownie's death
 At some dyke back,
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
 To hear you crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the *crambo jingle* fell,
 Tho' rude an' rong,
 Yet crooning to a body's fell,
 Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet* in a sense,
 But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
 An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
 ' You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
 ' To mak a *sang*? '
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
 If honest nature made you fools,
 What fairs your Grammars?

Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
 Or knappin hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
 Confuse their brains in College-classea!
 They *gang in* Stirk's, and *come out* Affes,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' fyne they think to climb Paraffius
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, the hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
 Or *Ferguson's* the bauld an' flee,
 Or dright *L*****'s*, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be *lear* enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I se no infist;
 But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel',
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;
 But friends, an' folk that wish me well,

They sometimes roose me;
 Tho' I maun own, as monie stile
 As far abuse me.

'There's ae *wee fault* they whiles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgi'e me !
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair :
 May be some *ither thing* they gie me
 They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline Race* or *Mauchline Fair*,
 I should be proud to meet you there;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
 Wi' anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To cheer our heart;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,

Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place,
 To *catch-the plack!*

I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
 Who hold your *being* on the terms,

 ' Each aid the others,

Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 ' My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
 As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing, or whissle,
 Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the flake
 An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'enings edge I take
 To own I'm debtor
 To honest-hearted, auld *L*****l*,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket fair with weary legs,
 Rattlin th' corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten hours-bite,
 My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
 She's saft at best an' something lazy :
 Quo' she, ' Ye ken weve been sae busy
 ' This month an' mair,
 That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
 ' An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
 ' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad,
 ' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaund,
 ' This vera night,
 ' Sodinna ye affront your trade,
 ' But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld *L*****k*, the king o' hearts,
 ' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
 ' Roose you sae well for your deserts,
 ' In terms sae friendly,
 ' Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
 ' An' thank him kindly ?

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An down gaed *flumpie* in the ink :
 Quoth I, ' Before I sleep a wink,
 ' I vow I'll close it ;
 ' An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 ' By Jove I'll prose it !

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof ;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
 Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp,
 Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*

Wi' gleesome touch !

Ne'er mind how Fortune *wast* an' *warp* ;
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg
 Sin I could striddle owre a rig ;
 But, by the L-d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow !

Now comes the fax an' twentieth summer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer

Frae year to year ;

But yet, despite the kittig kimmer,

I, Rob, am here

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
 Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent :
 An' muckle wame,
 In some bit Brugh to represent

A *Bailie's* name ?

Or is't the paughty, feudal *Thane*,
 Wi' ruffl'd sark an glancing cane

Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

‘ O, *Thou* wha gies us each good gift!
 ‘ Gie me o’ wit an’ sens a lift,
 ‘ Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift
 ‘ Thro’ Scotland wide ;
 Wi’ cits nor lairds I wadna shift
 ‘ In a’ their pride !’

Were this the *charter* of our state
 ‘ On pain o’ hell be rich an’ great,
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
 But, thanks to Heav’n, that’s no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 ‘ The social, friendly, honest man
 ‘ Whate’er he be,
 ‘ Tis he fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
 ‘ And none but he.’

O Mandate, glorious and divine !
 The followers o’ the ragged Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
 In glorious light.

While Fordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark at night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some *future* *careafe* howl
 The forest's fright ;
Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may *L*****k* and *B****** arise,
To reach their native kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
 In some 'mild sphere.
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
 Each passing year !

[air]

TO

W. S* * * * N., Ochiltree.

May, 1785.

I G A T your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
Wi' gratesfu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' *Willie*,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, fidelius skilenced
On my poor Music ;
Tho' in sic phrasin' terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare to hope to speel
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braces o' fame ;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathleis name.

(O *Ferguson!* thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad flow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
 As whyles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease!)
 I kittle up my *rufic reed*;
 It gies me ease.

Auld *Coil*, now, may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten Bardies o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measur'd style;
 She lay like some unkend of isle
 Beside *New Holland*,
 Or where wild-meeting oceans boil
 Befouth *Magallan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
 Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;

*Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While, Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
 Naebody sings.*

*Th' Illiffus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
 But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.*

*We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' brae, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae Suthron billies.*

*At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
 Oft have our fearlefs fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod
 Or glorious dy'd !*

*O sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy.*

While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms
The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature*'s face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum ower their treasure.

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither !
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,

In love fraternal :

May *Envie* wallop in a tether

Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate toils an' taxes ;
 While moorlan lierds like guid, fat braxies ;
 While Terra Firma, on her axis,

Diurnal turns,

Count on a friend in faith an' practice,

In *Robert Burns*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My memory's no' worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean

By this *new-light**,
 'Bout which our *herds* fae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

* See note, page 59.

In thae auld time, they thought the *Moon*,
 Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewing,
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new ane.

This past for certain undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

Some *berds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misfeuk ;
 For, 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd
 The *berds* an' *biffels* were alarm'd ;
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies,

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to colours an' nicks ;

An' monie a fallow got his licks
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light* herds *gat* sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruin'd *stick-an-stowe*,
 Till now amairt on ev'ry knowe
 Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
 An' some their *new-light* fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light* flocks are bleatin' ;
 Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin' ;
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin spite,
 To hear the *Moon* sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns !
 Some *auld-light* herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
 To tak a flight,

An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*,
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them,
 An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we Bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie;

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E P I S T L E

T O

J. R*****,

Inclosing some Poems.

ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin'!
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin',
 Your *dreams* * an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-finkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's,

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drunken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Hypocrisy in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their sakes wha often wear it,

The lads in *black* ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claiting
 O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;
 Sae, when you hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect,
 Yon *Sang** ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

* A song he had promised the Author.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
 A bonie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
 I straikit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
 But, Deil-ma-care !
 Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
 The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot ;
 I was suspected for the plot ;
 I scorn'd to lie ;
 So gat the whissle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouther an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear !
 The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, neist year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L—d, I se hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gow'd guinea ;
 Tho' I should herd the *buck'kin* kye
 For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce thro' the feathers ;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers !

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,
 When time's expedient ;
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

A

B A L L A D.

I.

HERE was three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
 John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
 And show'rs began to fall;

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

IV.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
They ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgel'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;

They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abouhd.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear was in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

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F R A G M E N T.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guildford* good our Pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim throw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within *America*, man :
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na flaw, man ;
 Down *Lowrie's* burn he took a turn,
 And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebeck*,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man ;
 Till *Willie H-e* took o're the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man ;
 Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man :
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-ni-g-e* an' *Guildford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 An' *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha stood the houre,
 The German Chief to thraw, man ;
 For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck--ngh-m* took up the game,
 Till Death did on him ca', man;
 When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man?
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures throw, man,
 For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* carts,
 He swept the flakes awa', man;
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man:
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's* Boy did ca', man;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 "Up, Willie, war them a', man!"

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While sice *D-nd-s* arous'd the clasfs.
 Be-north the Roman wa', man:
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man;)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise!
 'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rib, F-x, and Co.*
Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man;
Till *Suthron* raife, and coof't their claire
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To make it guid in law, man.



S O N G.

Tune, *Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
 Till 'tween the late and early ;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley :
 I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely :
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley,

IV.

I hae been blythe with comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gathering gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doublid fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

C H O R U S.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, I had a horse, I had nae mair.

I.

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The Moorcock springs on whirring wings,
 Amang the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary Farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The Plover loves the moun'tains ;
 The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The soaring Hern the fountains :
 Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The fluttering, gory pinion !

IV.

But, *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of Nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be, as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely Charmer !

S O N G.

Tune, *My Nannie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll away to Nannie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shrill ;
The night, baith mirk an' rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie's charming, sweet an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O ;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

VIL

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hands his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O ;
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent amang the lasses, O.*

I.

TH E R E's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chafe,
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my Dearie, O ;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senselis asses, O ;
 The wisest Man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O .

Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O .

Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

S O N G.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Breeks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues ;
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

C H O R U S.*

*And maun I still on Menie† doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e !
 For its jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be !*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the violets spring ;
 In vain to me in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, &c.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman
 in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† Menie is the common abbreviation of Mariamne.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I haneward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;

Thy gloom will sooth my chearles soul,
When nature all is sad like me !

*And mayn I still on Menie doat,
An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e !
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.*

S O N G.

Tune—*Roslin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatt'red coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr.*

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early, Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr.*

III.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;

Tho' Death in every shape appear,
 The Wretched have no more to fear ;
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila*'s hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !

Farewell, my friends ! farewell my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those —
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

M 2

S. O. N. G.

Tune—GUILDEROY.

FROM thee, ELIZA, I must go,
 And from my native shore :
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my Love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, ELIZA dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the latest throb that leaves my heart
 While Death stands victor by,
 That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

THE

FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S
LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—*Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'*.

I.

À DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mytie-tye*!
Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's flidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft honour'd with supreme command,
Presidèd o'er the *Sons of light*;
And by that *Hieroglyphic*, bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'!

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,
 Beneath th' Omnipotent Eye above,
 The glorious *Architect* Divine !
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my Pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And *You*, farewell ! whose merits claim
 Justly that *highest badge* to wear !
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him, the *Bard* that's *far awa'*.

S O N G.

Tune, *Prepare my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly, &c.*

I.
No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly Man of bus'ness contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.
The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.
Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
 But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

“ Life's cares they are comforts*”—a maxim laid
 down
 By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
 gown ;
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of a care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May ev'ry true brother of the Compass and Square
 Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in death does sleep :
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnie.
Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie !
And here his body lies fu' low —
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR's FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence, and attend !
 Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
 The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
 The pitying heart that felt for human Woe ;
 The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride ;
 The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;
 ' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.**

F O R R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

F O R G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd :
 But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
 May I be *sav'd* or *d——d* !

* Goldsmith.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near :
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
 Who, notelesſ, steals the crouds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pafs not by !
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a figh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave,
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave !

The poor Inhabitant below,
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,

In low pursuit,

Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*
Is Wisdom's root,

F I N I S.

THE
The
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often
or u
when
after
broad
at, al
é ma
the J

A', a
Ab
Abeigh,
Aboon,
Abread,
abred,
ae, one
aff, off
dita
Afore, b
Aff, oft
aiken, o

G L O S S A R Y.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch Language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A	
A', all	
Aback, away, aloof	
Abeigh, at a shy distance	
Aboon, above, up	
Abread, abroad, in sight	
Abreed, in breadth	
Ae, one	
Aff, off, <i>Aff-loof</i> , unpremeditated	
Afore, before	
Aft, oft	
Aften, often	

Agley, of the right line, wrong
Aiblins, perhaps
Ain, own
Airn, iron
Aith, an oath
Aits, oats
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Alake, alas
Alane, alone
Amaist, almost
Amang, among

An' and, if
 Ance, one
 Ane, one, an
 Anither, another
 Artu', artful
 Ase, ashes
 Asteer, abroad, stirring
 Aught, eight, possession, as
 in a' my awgt, in all my
 possession
 Auld, old
 Auld-farrant, or auld-farrant,
 sagacious, cunning, prudent
 Ava, at all
 Awa, away
 Awfu', awful
 Awkart, awkward
 Awn, the beard of Barley,
 oats, &c.
 Annie, bearded
 Ayont, beyond.

B

BA', ball
 Bad, did bid
 Bade, endured, did stay
 Baggie, the Belly
 Baith, both
 Bairn, a child
 Bairntime, a brood, a family
 of children
 Bainie, having large bones, stout
 Baklins-comin, coming back,
 returning
 Bane, bone
 Bang, an effort
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
 Barefit, barefooted
 Barkin, barking
 Barkit, barked
 Barmie, of or like barm
 Bashfu', bashful
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Batts, botts
 Baudrons, a cat

Bauld, bold, *Bauldy*, boldly
 Bauk, a cross beam
 Baukin, the end of a beam
 Baws'nt, having a white stripe
 down the face
 Be, *so let be*, to give over, to
 cease
 Beastie, *dimin.* of beast
 Beet, to add fuel to fire
 Befa', to befall
 Behint, or behin', behind
 Belyve, by and by
 Belly-fu', bellyful
 Ben, into the *spence* or parlour
 Benlomond, a noted mountain
 in Dunbartonshire
 Bethankit, the grace after meat
 Be't, be it
 Beuk, a book
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish,
 a short race
 Biel, or bield, shelter
 Bign, wealthy, plentiful
 Big, to build, *Biggit*, builded
 Biggin, building a house
 Bill, a bull
 Billie, a brother, a young fel-
 low
 Bing, a heap of grain, pota-
 toes, &c.
 Birkie, a clever fellow
 Birtring, the noise of partridges
 &c. when they spring
 Bit, crisis, nick of time
 Bizz, to bustle, a buzz
 Blaistic, a shriveled dwarf, a
 term of contempt
 Blaitit, blasted
 Blate, bashful, sheepish
 Blather, the bladder
 Blaud, a flat piece of any
 thing; to slap
 Blaw, to blow, to boast
 Bleatin, bleating
 Bleezin, blazing
 Bleffin, blessing

Blether
 Bieh'r
 Blink,
 look
 by f
 Blinker
 Blinkin
 Blue g
 gars
 the
 cloke
 Bluid,
 Blusht,
 Blype,
 Bock,
 mitt
 Bocked
 Bodie,
 lue o
 Bonie,
 Bonnile,
 fully
 Bonnock
 of bre
 Boord,
 Boest,
 Boertrie
 ted n
 Botch,
 Bother,
 Bow-ka
 Bow't,
 Brachen
 Brae, d
 the flo
 Braid, b
 Braik, a
 Braindge
 Braintig
 Brak, br
 Branks,
 for ho
 Brash,
 Brats, a

Blether', to talk silly nonsense
 Bleth'rin, talking idly
 Blink, a little while, a smiling
 look, to look kindly, to shine
 by fits
 Blinker, a term of contempt
 Blinkin, smirking
 Blue gown, one of those beg-
 gars who get annually on
 the Kings birth day, a blue
 cloke or gown, with a badge.
 Bluid, blood, *Bluidy*, bloody
 Blusht, did blush
 Blype, a shred, a large piece
 Bock, to vomit, to gush inter-
 mittently
 Bocked, gush, vomited
 Bodle, a small old coin, in va-
 lue one sixth of a penny
 Bonie, handsome, beautiful
 Bonilie, handsomely, beau-
 fully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick cake
 of bread
 Boord, a board
 Boest, behoved, must needs
 Boortrie, the shrub-elder, plan-
 ted much of old in hedges
 of barn-yards, &c.
 Boitch, an angry tumour
 Boher, to pothe
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow't, bended, crooked
 Brachens, fern
 Brae, declivity, a precipice,
 the slope of a hill
 Braid, broad
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braindge, to run rashly forward
 Braindg't, reel'd forward
 Brak, broke, made insolvent
 Branks, a kind of wooden curb
 for horses
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brats, coarse-clothes, rags

Brattle, a short race, hurry,
 fury
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, very well, finely,
 heartily
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
 Breakin, breaking
 Breathin, breathing
 Breastie, *dimin.* of breast
 Breastit, did spring up or for-
 ward
 Breef, an invulnerable, or irre-
 sistable spell
 Breeks, breeches
 Brewin, brewing
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brig, a bridge
 Briskit, the breast, the bosom
 Brither, a brother
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Broose, a race at country wed-
 dings who shall first reach
 the bridegroom's house on
 returning from Church
 Brugh, a boough
 Builzie, a broil, a combustion
 Brunt, did burn
 Brunstane, brimstone
 Brust, to burst
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of
 Virginia
 Buirly, stout-made, broad-
 built
 Buire, did bear
 Burn-clock, a humming-beetle
 that flies in the Summer
 evening
 Bummie, to blunder
 Bumming, humming as bees
 Bumler, a blunderer
 Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burnewin, *i.e.* burn the wind,
 a blacksmith

Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
 Bustit, dressed
 Bustle, Bustle, to bustle
 But an' ben, the country kitch-
 en an' parlour
 But without
 Byre, a cow-stable
 By himself, lunatic, distracted.

C

CA', to call, to name, to
 drive
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven,
 calved
 Cadie or caddie, a young fel-
 low who runs messages
 Cadger, a carrier
 Caff, chaff
 Caird, a tinker
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure
 for calves
 Callan, a boy
 Caller, fresh, sound
 Carn, did come
 Canna, cannot
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
 Canoilie, dextrously, gently
 Cantharidian, made of cantha-
 rides
 Cantrip, a charm, a spell
 Cantie, cheerful, merry
 Cape-stane, cope-stone, key-
 stone
 Careffin, careffing
 Carryin, carrying
 Careerin, cheerfully
 Cartes, cards
 Carlin, a stout old woman
 Caudron, a caldron
 Caup, a wooden drinking ves-
 sel
 Cauld, cold
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe

Chantin, chanting
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a
 blow
 Chearfu', cheerful
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
 Checkit, checked
 Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow
 Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate
 Chimla-lug, the fireside
 Chittering, shivering, trembling
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for*
 chow, side by side
 Choakin, choking
 Chuffie, fat-faced
 Claise, or claes, cloaths
 Clash, an idle tale, the story
 of the day
 Claw, to scratch
 Clachan, a small village, a
 hamlet
 Clarkit, wrote
 Clap, clapper of a mill
 Claut, to clean, to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Clatter, to tell idle stories; an
 idle story
 Cleed, to clothe
 Cleith, cloth, *claiting*, cloath-
 ing
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking
 Clinkumbell, who rings the
 church bell
 Clips, sheers
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Clour, a bump or swelling af-
 ter a blow
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep,
 &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the
 Devil
 Coaxin, wheedling
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog

Colie,
 times
 count
 Comin,
 Comma
 Cood,
 Coof,
 a
 Cookit,
 pear
 Coofst di
 Cootie,
 all th
 are a
 said to
 Core, e
 COILLA
 of Ay
 tradit
 lus, a
 Cotter,
 hou/e
 Cowe, t
 to lop
 furze,
 Cowp,
 ever;
 Cowpit,
 Cowtie,
 Cowrin,
 Couthie
 Cove, a
 Cozie,
 Crabit,
 Crack,
 verse
 Crakin,
 Craft,
 house
 Crank,
 greas
 Crankon
 Crambo
 gle, r
 Cranre
 Crap, a
 Craw, a

Colie, a general and sometimes a peculiar name for country cur dogs
 Comin, coming
 Commaun, command
 Cood, the cud
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits
 Coost did cast
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish; all those fowls whose Legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie
 Core, corps, party, clan
 COIL, A, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, by tradition, from Coil, or Coillus, a Pictish monarch
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house or cottage
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under the lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a fall, a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cowte, a colt
 Cowrin, cowering
 Counthie, kind, loving
 Cove, a cavern
 Cozie, snug, coizely, snugly
 Crabit, crabbed, fretful
 Crack, conversation: to converse
 Crakin, conversing
 Craft, or cr ft, a field near a house, in old husbandry
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel
 Crankous, fretful, captious
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, thymes, doggerel verses
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost
 Crap, a crop, the top
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook
 Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a creel; to be craz'd, to be fascinated
 Cressie, greasy
 Creepin, creeping
 Cronie, crony
 Crood or croud, to coo as a dove
 Croon, a hollow continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune
 Crooning, humming
 Crowlen, crawling
 Crouchie, crock-backed
 Crowdie time, breakfast time
 Crouse, chearful, courageous
 Croufily, chearfully, courageously
 Crushin, crushing, crusht, crushed
 Crump, hard and brittle, spoken of bread
 Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
 Cuf, a block-head, a ninny
 Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
 Curler, a player on ice
 Curskie, a courtesy
 Curling, a well known game on ice
 Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets
 Cormurring, murmuring, slight, rustling noise
 Curpin, the crupper
 Cushat, the dove, or wood pigeon.

D

DADDIE, a father
 Dast, merry, giddy, foolish
 Daffin, merriment, foolishness

Painty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable
 Daimen, rare, now and then ; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then
 Dancin, dancing
 Dappl't, dappled
 Darg, a day's labour
 Darklins, darkling
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse
 Daur, to dare, daurt, dared
 Daw'd, a large piecee
 Dautit or dauted, fondled, car'essed
 Dearies, *dimin.* of dears
 Dearthfu', dear
 Deave, to deafen
 Deil-ma care ! no matter ! for all that !
 Deleeret, delirious
 Delvin, digging with a spade
 Describe, to describe
 Deservin, deserving
 Devel, a stunning blow
 Dimpl't, dimpled
 Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff ; cleaned from chaff
 Ding, to worst, to push
 Dinna, do not
 Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain
 Disrepeckit, disrespected
 Dizzen, a dozen
 Dizzie, giddy
 Doited, stupified
 Doelsu', doleful
 Dool, sorrow ; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn
 Donfie, unlucky
 Dorty, saucy, nice
 Douse, or douse, sober, wife, prudent
 Doucely, soberly, prudently
 Dought, was, or were able

Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen
 Dow, am, or are able to, can
 Downa, am or are not able, cannot
 Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.
 Dowff, pithlefs, wanting force
 Drap a drop ; to drop
 Drapping, dropping
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping
 Drift, a drove
 Dribble, drizzling, slaver
 Drinkin, drinking
 Droddum, the breech
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drumlie, muddy
 Drant, pet, sour humour
 Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
 Drunken, drunken
 Dryin, drying
 Dub, a small pond of water
 Dud, rag, cloathes
 Duddie, ragged
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven
 Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
 Dusbt, push'd by a ram, ox, &c.

E

E'E, the eye, een, the eyes
 Eerie, frightened, *despairing spirits*
 E'ening, evening
 Eild, old age
 Elbuck, the elbow
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
 En', end
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
 Eneugh, enough

Ensui
 Espec
 Eyder
 FA
 Fact,
 Faem
 Fadd
 Fairin
 Faith
 Fallow
 Fand,
 Farl,
 Farew
 Fash,
 ble,
 Fash't
 Fatter
 Faster
 Fauld
 Fauld
 Faut,
 Fawse
 Feckf
 Peckl
 Fear'
 Fearf
 Peat,
 Peg,
 Feide
 Fecht
 ing
 Pell,
 im
 a
 side
 Fend,
 Ferlie
 wo
 Fetch
 Fetch

Ensuin, ensuing
Especial, especially
Eydent, diligent.

F

FA' fall, lot; to fall
Fae, a foe
Fac't, faced
Faem, foam
Faddom't, fathomed
Fairin, a fairing, a present
Faithfu', faithful
Fellow, fellow
Fand, did find
Farl, a cake of bread
Farewell, farewell
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for
Fash't, troubled
Fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.
Fasten-een, Fastens-Even
Fauld, a fold; to fold
Faulding, folding
Faut, fault
Fawfont, decent, seemly
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout
Feckle's, puny, weak, silly
Fear't, frightened
Fearfu', frightful
Feat, neat, spruce
Feg, a fig
Feide, feud, enmity
Fecht, to fight, *fechtin*, fighting
Fell, keen, buing; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level on the side or top of a hill
Fend, to live comfortably
Ferlie or ferly, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt
Fetch, to pull by fits
Fetch't, pulled intermittently

Fidge, to fidget
Fidgin, fidgeting
Fier, found, healthy; a brother, a friend
Feint, fiend, *a petty oath*
Fis'le, to make a rustling noise, to fidget; a bustle
Fit, a foot
Fittie lan', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
Fizz, to make a hissing noise like fermentation
Flatterin', flattering
Flainen, flannel
Fleesh, a fleece
Fleg, a kick, a random blow
Flingin tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a flail
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
Fleechin, supplicating
Fletcher, to decoy by fair words
Fletcherin, flattering
Flitcher, to flutter as young nestlings when their dam approaches
Flitcherin, fluttering
Fley, to scare, to frighten
Fley'd, frightened, scared
Flisk, to fret at the yoke
Fliskit, fretted
Flidders, shreds, broken pieces
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating
Plunkie, a servant in livery
Flyin, flying
Foamin, foaming
Forbears, forefathers

Foord, a ford
 Forby, besides
 Forfaire, distressed, worn out,
 jaded,
 Forgather, to meet, to en-
 counter with
 Porgie, to forgvie
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
 Formin, forming
 Fou, full, drunk
 Fow, a bushel, &c.
 Foughten, troubled, harassed.
 Fis, from
 Freath, froth
 Frien', friend
 Fud, the scut- of the hare,
 coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently
 Fuff't, did blow
 Fur, a furrow
 Furm, a form, bench
 Funnie, full of merriment
 Pyteen, fifteen
 Pyke, trifling cares; to pid-
 dle, to be in a fufs about
 trifles
 Fyle, to foil, to dity
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

G

GAB, the mouth; to speak
 boldy or pertly
 Gae, to gae, *eed*, went; *goen*
 or *gaen*, gone, *gau*, going
 Gait, or gate, way, manner,
 road
 Garg, to go, to walk
 Gar, to make, to prove to
 Gar't, forced to
 Garten, a garter
 Cash, wife, sagacious, talka-
 tive
 Gashin, coversing

Gatherin, gathering
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gear, riches, goods of any
 kind
 Geck, to toss the head in wan-
 tonnes or scorn
 Ged, a pike
 Gentles, great folks
 Geordie, a guinea
 Get, a child, a young one
 Ghaist, a ghost
 Gie, to give, *gied*, gave, *gie*,
 given
 Gillie, *dimin.* of gill
 Gimmer, a ewe, from one to
 two year's old
 Gin, if, against
 Gistie, *dimin.* of gift
 Gipfy, a young girl
 Girn, to grin, to twist the fea-
 tures in rage, agony, &c.
 Gizz, a perewig
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks
 smoothly and readily
 Gley, a squint; to squint,
 Agly, off at a side wraig
 Glazie, glittering smooth like
 glass
 Glakit, inattentive, foolish
 Gleg, sharpe, ready
 Glint, to peep, *ghinted*, peeped,
 glintin, peeping
 Gloamin, the twilight
 Glear, to stare, to look; a
 stare, a look
 Cloi'r'd, looked, stared
 Glowrin, staring
 Glunch, a frown; to frown
 Gowd, gold
 Gowan, the flower of the daisy,
 dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
 Gowff, the game of golf; to
 strike, as the bat does the ball
 at golf
 Gowf'r'd, struck,

Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of
 contempt
 Cowl, to howl
 Gowling, howling
 Gracefu', graceful
 Crane or grain, a groan, to
 groan
 Grain'd, groaned
 Graining, groaning
 Graith, accoutrements, dress,
 furniture
 Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped
 Graip, a pronged instrument
 for cleaning flables
 Graunie, a grand mother
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Graefiu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, to bear the gree,
 to be decidedly victor
 Cree't, agreed
 Gree't, to shed tears, to weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Greivin, grieving
 Grippet, catched, seized
 Grisile, gristle
 Groat, to get the whistle of
 one's great, to play a losing
 game
 Groset, a gooseberry
 Grousome, loathsome, grim
 Grumphie, a sow
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
 Grun', ground at the mill
 Gruntane, a grindstone
 Grushie, thick of growth
 Gruntle, the phizz, a grunting
 noise
 Gude, the SUPREME BEING,
 good
 Guil, good, *guid-mornin*, good
 morrow, *guid-een*, good
 evening

Guidman, and Guidwife, the
 master and mistress of the
 house. *Young Guidman*, a
 man newly married
 Guidfather, Guidmither, fa-
 ther-in-law and mother-in-
 law
 Gully, or Gullie, a large knife
 Gurnie, muddy
 Gustie, tasteful

H

HA' hall
 Ha' Bible, the great
 bible that lies in the hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had, the *participle*
 Haet, fient baet a petty oath of
 negation, nothing
 Haffet, the temple, the file of
 the head
 Hasslins, nearly half, partly
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boi-
 led in the stomach of a cow
 or sheep
 Hag, a scar or gulph in mosses
 or moors
 Haith, a petty oath
 Hain, to spare, to save, *bain'd*
 spared
 Hairst, Harvest
 Hal', or hald, an abiding place
 Hale, whole, tight; healthy
 Hallian, a particular partition
 wall in a cottage
 Hame, home, *Hameward*,
 homeward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han', or haun, hand
 Hap, an outer-garment, plaid,
 mantle, &c. to wrap, to
 cover

Hap-step-an'-lowp, *hap, skip, and leap*
 Happing, hopping
 Harper, a hopper
 Ha:kit, hearkened
 Hastif, hastened
 Hash, a scot
 Haud, to hold
 Haugs, low-lying rich lands, valleys
 Haurl, to drag, to peel
 Hau:lin, peeling
 Haverel, a half-witted person
 Havens, good manners, detrum, good sense
 Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face
 Hearse, hoarse
 Heather, heath
 Heapit, heaped
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome
 Hear't, hear it
 Hech ! Oh ! Strange !
 Hecht, to foretell something that is to be got or given
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise
 Hellim, the rudder or helm
 Herd, one who tends flocks
 Herrin, herring
 Herry, to plunder, most properly to plunder birds nests
 Herryment, plundering, devastation
 Hersel, herself
 Het, hot
 Heugh, a craig, a coalpit
 Himsel, himself
 Hing, to hang
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt
 Hilchin, halting
 Hirpil, to walk crazily, to creep, *birplin, creeping*

Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend them
 Histie, dry, chapt, barren
 Hitch, a loop, a knot
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a east-house
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink
 Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play, by justling with shouder; to justle
 Hool, outer skin or case
 Hqolie, slowly, leisurely
 Hoord, a hoard, to hoard
 Hoorder, hoarder
 Horn, a spoon made of horn
 Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil
 Host, or hoast, to cough; *boasting, coughing*
 Hove, to heave, to swell
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled
 Houghmagandie, fornication
 Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell
 How back't, sunk in the back, *spoken of a borse, &c.*
 Howdie, a midwife
 Hawk, to dig, *bowkit, digged, bowkin, digging*
 Housie, *dimin. of house*
 Hoy, to urge, *Hoyt, urged*
 Hoyse, a pull upwards
 Hoyte, to amble crazily
 Hurdies, the loins, the croup
 per
 Hughoc, *dimin. of Hugh*

I

I, in
Ier-oe, a great grand
child
Icker, an ear of corn
Ilk, or ilka, each, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured, mali-
cious, niggardly
Indentin, indenting
Iogle, fire, fire-place
Inginge, genius, ingenuity
Ife, I thall or will
Ither, other, one another

J

JAD, jade; also a familiar
term among country folks
for a giddy young girl
Jauk, to dally, to triffe
Jaukin, trifling, dallying
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk
as agitated water
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour
out, to spurt, to jerk, as
water
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
Jimp, to jump; slender in the
waist, handsome
Jink, to dodge, to turn a cor-
ner, a sudden turning a cor-
ner
Jinkin, dodging
Jinker, that turns quickly, a
gay sprightly girl, a wag
Jinglin, jingling
Jirt, a jerk
Joeteleg, a kind of knife
Jokin, joaking

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the
head
Jow, to jow, a verb which in-
cludes both the swinging
motion and pleasing sound of
a large bell
Joyfu', joyful
Jundie, to justle
Jumpit, did jump
Jumpin, jumping

K

KAE, a daw
Kail, coleworts, a kind
of broth
Kailrunt, the stem of the cole-
wort
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent
by a farmer
Kebbuck, a cheese
Keek, a peep, to peep
Keepit, kept,
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous
spirits, said to haunt fords
and ferries at night, espe-
cially in storms
Ken, to know, *kend*, *ken't*,
knew
Kennin, a small matter
Ket, a matted hairy fleece of
wool
Kilt, to truss up the cloaths
Kin, kind, kindred
King's-hood, a certain part of
the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gos-
sip
Kirn, the harvest supper, as
churn to churn
Kitchen, any thing that eats
with bread; to serve for
soup, gravy, &c.

Kittle, to tickle; ticklith,
 likely
 Kittlin, a young cat
 Kitte, to cuddle
 Kitlin, cuddling
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety
 Kitsen, to chritten
 Kit, chest, a shop-counter
 Knaggie, like *knags* or points
 of rocks
 Knappin hammer, a hammer
 for breaking stones
 Knowe, a small round hil-
 lock
 Kye, cows
 Kythe, to discover, to shew
 one's self
 KYLE; a district of Ayrshire
 Kyte, the belly.

L

L ADDIE, *dimin.* of lad
 Laggen, the angle be-
 tween the side and bottom
 of a wooden dish
 Laigh, low
 Laith, loath
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish
 Lairing, wading, and sinking,
 in snow, mud, &c.
 Lallan, Lowland, *Lallans*,
 Scotch dialect
 Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
 Lampit, a kind of shell fish
 Lan', land, estate
 Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane*,
 &c. myself alone, &c. thy
 self alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely
 Lang, long, *to think lang*, to
 long, to weary
 Lap, did leap

Lapfu', lapful
 Lave, the reit, the remainder,
 the others
 Laverock, the lark
 Laughin, laughing
 Lawfu', lawful
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful
 Lea'e, to leave
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
 ing
 Lee-lang, live-long
 Leeze me, a phrase of con-
 gratulatory endearment
 Leister, a three-pronged dart
 for striking, fish
 Leugh, did laugh
 Leuk, a lock, to look
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at
 Limmer, a kept mistress, a
 strumpet
 Limpit, limp'd, hobbled
 Lift, the sky
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing
 Link to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Linn, a water-fall
 Lint, flax, *lint in the bell*, flax
 in flower
 Lintwhite, a linnet
 Livin, living
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Lcoves, plural of leaf
 Lowe, a flame; to flame
 Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Lows'd, loosed
 Loot, did let
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin;
 a woman of easy virtue
 Lowrie, abbreviations of Law-
 rence
 Lug, the ear, a handle

Lent, a
 smoke
 Lantin,
 Luoch, a
 flesh,
 Lum, the
 lyart, a
 grey

M A

Mait, m
 Maitly,
 Mak, to
 ing
 Maillie, M
 Mang, an
 Manteele,
 Mar'syea
 1715
 Mark, me
 ral othe
 English
 the plu
 the we
 same in
 Mark, to
 Makin-pa
 Malblum,
 Rankin, a
 Mau, mu
 Mavis, the
 law, to m
 ing
 Mere, a r
 ell, to m
 melancholi
 Mervie, to
 en, to m
 dense, goo
 rum
 easelless,
 pudent

Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke

Luntin, smoking

Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

Lum, the chimney

Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M

M A E, more
Mair, more

Mait, most, almost

Maitly, mostly

Mak, to make, makin, making

Maille, Molly

Mang, among

Manteel, a mantle

Mar's year, the rebellion A.D.

1715

Murk, marks, this and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers

Musk, to trash, or malt, &c.

Makin-pat, a tea-pot

Mashum, meslin, mixed corn

Maukin, a hare

Mau, muist

Mavis, the thrush

Maw, to mow, mawin, mowing

Mere, a mare

Mell, to meddle

Melancholius, mournful

Melvie, to soil with meal

Men, to mend

Mense, good manners, decorum

Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent

Miffin, a small dog

Middin, a dunghill

Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill

Mim, prim, affectedly meek

Mindfu', mindful

Min', mind, remembrance

Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending

Minnie, mother, dam

Mistek, mistook

Misca', to abuse, to call names

Misca'd, abused

Mislear'd, mischievous, unmanly

Mither, a mother

Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed

Moistify, to moisten

Mony or monie, many

Moop, to nibble as a sheep

Moorlan, of or belonging to moors

Morn, the next day, to morrow

Mottie, full of motes

Moudiewort, a mole

Mournfu', mournful

Mou', the mouth

Monsie, dimin. of mouse

Muckle or meikle, great, big, much

Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens

Musie, dimin. of muse

Mutchkin, an English pint

Mysel, myself

N

N A, no, not, nor
Nae, no, not any

Naig, a horse

O

Nane, none	Pang, to cram
Naething or naithing, nothing	Parritch, oatmeal pudding, well known Scotch dish
Feebor, a neighbour	Parliamentin, at parliament
Needfu', needful	Pat, did put; a pot
Negleckit, neglected	Pattle or Pettle, a plough staff
Neuk, nook	Paukie, cunning, sly
Niest, next	Naughty, proud, haughty
Nieve, the fist	Payt, paid, beat
Nieu', handful	Pech, to fetch the breath <i>as in an asthma.</i>
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter	Pechan, the crop, the stomach
Niger, a negro	Peelin, peeling
Nine tail'd cat, a hangman's cat	Pensivelie, pensively
Nit, a nut	Pet, a domesticated sheep &c.
Norland, of or belonging to the North	Pettle, to cherish; a plough staff
Nor-west, North-west	Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter
Notic't, noticed	Phraisin, flattery
Notoleis, unnoticed, unknown	Pickle, a small quantity
Nowte, black cattle	Pine, pain, uneasiness

O

O', Of	Observin, observing
Ony or onie, any	Plackles, penylets
Or, is often used for ere, before	Placad, a public proclamation
O't, of it	Platie, <i>dimin.</i> of plate
Ourie, shivering, drooping	Plew or pleugh, a plow
Oursel or oursels, ourselves	Pliskie, a trick
Outler, not housed	Plumpit, did plump
Owre, over, too	Poortith, poverty
Owre hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm.	Pou, to pull

P

PACK, intimate, familiar;	Powther or pouther, powder
twelve stones of wool	Pouthery, like powder
Painch, paunch	Pout, a poult, a chicken
Paitrick, a partridge	Pow, the head, the skull

Pownie, a little horse	Pownie, a little horse
Prayin, praying	Powt, a pot
Pridefu', proud, saucy	Preen, a pin
Preen, a pin	Priggin, a pin
Primise, a promise	Prone, a promise
Propone, a promise	Provifer, a provider
Pose, a pose	Pryne, a prying person
Pund, a pound	Pynd, a pound
Paddin, a padding	Pyle, a pyle
Grain of pyle	Quakin, a quaking
Quay, a quay	Quay, a quay
Two-year old	Quay, a quay

dding,
 dish
 liamen
 plough
 y
 oughty
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 y
 ed shee
 a plou
 ches, fla
 antity
 nels
 tch coin
 efs
 proclama
 plate
 a plow
 mp
 /
 or cat
 her, pow
 powder
 a chicken
 the skull
 e horse
 3
 , saucy

Pie, to taste
 Pried, tasted
 Print, print
 Brief, proof
 Big, to cheapen, to dispute
 Higgin, cheapening
 Promise, demure, precise
 Propone, to lay down, to pro-
 pose
 Proveses, provests
 Pyin, prying
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Puddin, pudding
 Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single
 grain of chaff

Q

Q U A T, to quit
 Quak, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quey, a cow from one year to
 two-years old

R

R A G W E E D, the plant-
 wort
 Ribble, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, to roar, *rair't*, roared,
 rairing, roaring
 Raze, to madden, to inflame
 Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, over-
 spent
 Ramblin, rambling
 Ram-blam, forward, thought-
 less
 Rantin, ranting
 Rely, excellent, very well
 Rath, a rush, *rash-bus*, a bush
 of rushes
 Ratton, a rat
 Rascle, rash, stont, fearless

Raught, reached
 Raw, a row
 Rax, to stretch
 Ream, cream
 Reave, to rob
 Rede, counsel; to counsel
 Red-wud, stark-mad
 Reck, to heed
 Receivin, receiving
 Ree, half drunk, fuddled
 Reek, smoke; to smoke, *ree-
 kin*, smoking, *reekit*, smok-
 ed, smoky
 Reest, to stand restive
 Reestit, stood restive, stunted,
 withered
 Rest, torn, ragged
 Refus't, refuse it
 Remakin, remarking
 Remead, remedy
 Requit, requital
 Restrickt, restricted
 Ridin, riding
 Rig, a ridge
 Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*,
 running
 Rink, the course of the stones,
 a term in curling
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed
 corn, &c.
 Riskit, made a noise like the
 tearing of roots
 Roamin, roaming
 Rood, stands likewise for the
 plural roods
 Roon, a shred, a remnant
 Roose, to praise, to commend
 Roun', round, in the circle of
 neighbourhood
 Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold
 Rowte, to low, bellow
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rowth, plenty
 Rowe, to roll, to wrap
 Row't, rolled, wrapped

Rozet, rozen
Rhymin, rhyming,
Rung, a cudgel
Runkl'd, wrinkled
Rustlin, rustling
Runt, the stem of colewort or
cabbage

S

S, Is
Sac, so
Saft, soft
Sair, to serve; sore
Sairly or fairlie, sorely
Sairt, served
Sang, a song
Sark, a shirt
Sarkit, provided in shirts
Saugh, the willow
Saul, soul
Saunt, a saint
Saumont, salmon
Saut, salt, sauted, salted
Saw, to sow
Sawin, sowing
Sax, six
Scar, to scare
Scauld, to scold, *scaulding*,
scolding
Scawl, a scold
Scaud, to scauld
Scaur, apt to be scared
Scone, a kind of bread
Scornfu', scornful
Sconner, a loathing; to loathe
Scraich, to scream as a hen
partridge, &c.
Scraichin, screaming
Screechin, screeching
Screed, to tear; a rent
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along
Scrieven, gleefully, swiftly
Scrimp, to scant, *scrimpet*,
did scrimp, scanty
Seed, did see
Sezin, seizing

Sel, self, *a body's sel*, one's
self alone
Sell't, did sell
Sen', to send, *sen't*, send it
Servan', servant
Sets, *sets off*, goes away
Settlin, settling, *to get a settlin*,
to be frightened into quietness
Shaird, a shred, shard
Shangan, a stick cleft at one
end for putting the tail of a
dog, &c. into, by way of
mischief, or to frighten him
away
Shaver, a humorous wag, a
barber
Shaw, to show; a small wood
in a hollow place
Sheen, bright shining
Sheep-shank, to think one's self
nae sheep-shank, to be con-
ceited
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor,
the famous battle fought in
the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
Shill, shrill
Shog, a shock
Shool, a shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shootin, shooting
Shore, to offer, to threaten
Shor'd, offred
Shouther, the shoulder
Sic, such
Sicker, sure, steady
Sidelines, sidelong, slanting
Siller, silver, money
Simmer, summer
Sin', since
Sin, a son
Sisfu', sinful
Sinkin', finking
Sittin, sitting
Skaith, to damage, to injure,
injury
Skelpie-limmer, a technical
term in female scolding

Skelp,
wal
step
Skelpi
fma
Skiegh
tled
skirl,
Skirl't
shri
Sklen
to d
ed,
liqu
Skrieg
Slade,
Slae,
Slap,
Slaw,
Slee,
Sleeki
Slidde
Sype,
row
Slypet
Sma',
Smedo
tle,
Smidd
Smoor
sma
Smout
Smytri
of j
Snash,
Shaw,
fnow
fnow
Saed,
Saell,
Sneefh
fnaul
Soick,

Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke
 Skelpin, slapping; walking smartly
 Skiegh, proud, nice, highmettled
 Skirl, to shriek; to cry shrilly
 Skirl't, shrieked, *skirling*, shrieking, crying
 Sklent, slant; *to run asklent*, to deviate from truth, *sklent-ed*, ran, or hit in an oblique direction, *sklentin*, slanting
 Skriegh, a scream; to scream
 Slade, did slide
 Slae, sloe
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
 Slaw, flow
 Slee, fly, *sleest*, flyest
 Sleekit, sleek
 Sliddery, slippery
 Slype, *to fall over at a wet furrow, from the plough*
 Slypet, fell
 Sma', small
 Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense
 Smiddy, smithy
 Smoor, to smother, *smoor'd*, smothered
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly
 Smyrie, *a numerous collection of small individuals*
 Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
 Snaw, snow; to snow, *snawie*, snowy, *snaw-broo*, melted snow
 Sned, to lop, to cut off
 Saell, bitter, biting
 Sneeshin, snuff, *sneeshin-mill*
 Snuff-box
 Snick, the latchet of a door
 Snick-drawing, trick contriving
 Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak
 Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak, *snoov't*, went smoothly
 Snowl, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c. *snowkit*, scented, snuffed
 Soddin, sodding
 Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly
 Soom, to swim
 Sootie, sooty
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath
 Couple, flexible, swift
 Souter, a shoemaker
 Sowther, folder; to solder, to cement
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
 Sowth, to try over a tan with a low whistle
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Spak, did speak
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will o' wisp or *ignis fatuus*
 Spairge, to dash, to foil as with mire
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Spaul, a limb
 Speakin, speaking
 Speat, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw
 Speel, to climb
 Spence, the country parlour
 Spier, to ask, enquire, *spier'*, enquired
 Spitefu', spitesful
 Splatter, a splutter; to splutter
 Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch

Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise
 Sportin, spotting
 Spratle, to scramble
 Speckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Spring, a quick air in musick,
 a Scotch reel
 Sprit, a tough rooted plant
 something like rufes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Springin, springing
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squatter, to flutter in water
 as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Squeel, a scream, a screech;
 to scream
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Staggie, dimin. of stag
 Stan', to stand, stan', did
 stand
 Stane, a stone
 Startle, to run as cattle stung
 by the gadfly
 Starvin, starving
 Startin, starting
 Stank, a pool of standing wa-
 ter
 Stark, stout
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Staumrel, half witted
 Stap, to stop
 Stampin, stamping
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Stell, a fill
 Sten, to rear as an horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stey, steep, steyest, steepest
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Stents, tribute, dues of any
 kind
 Steek, to shut; a ditch
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stibble, stibble, stibble rig, the

Reaper, in harvest, who
 takes the lead
 Stick an flow, totally, alto-
 gether
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to
 limp
 Stimpse, the eighth part of a
 Winchester bushel
 Stirk, a cow, or bullock a year
 old
 Stockin, stocking
 Stock, a plant of colewort,
 cabbage, &c.
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong
 and boarfe
 Stot, an ox
 Stoup or stowp, a kind of jug
 or dish with a handle
 Stown, stolen, stownlins, by
 stealthe
 Strapin, tall and handsome
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stroan, to spout, piss, stroan',
 spouted, pissed
 Strewin, strewing
 Strae, straw, to die a fair strae
 death, to die in bed
 Strack, did strike
 Streek, stretched; to stretch,
 streekit, stretched
 Stoure, dust, more particularly
 dust in motion
 Straught, streight
 Stringin, stringing
 Straik, to stroke, straket,
 stroked
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any
 kind; to walk sturdily
 Stuss, corn, or pulse of any
 kind
 Stumpie, dimin. of stump
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stuit, trouble; to molest
 Stuttin, frightened
 Sucker, sugar
 Sud, should

who	Tauted or tautie, matted together, spoken of hair or wool
alto-	
alt, to	Tawie, that allows itself peace-
art of a	ably to be handled, spoken
a year	of a horse, cow, &c.
lewort,	Teat, small quantity
strong	Tearfu', tearful
of jug	Tent, a field pulpit, heed,
ins, by	caution; to take heed
ome	Tentie, heedful, cautious
roan't,	Tentless, heedless
ir strae	Ten hours bite, a flight feed to
stretch,	the horses, while in the yoke
icularily	in the forenoon
raiket,	Teugh, tough, toughly
of any	Thack, thatch, thack an' rape,
ly	cloathing, necessities
of any	Thae, these
amp	Thankit, thanked
lest	Thankfu', thankful
	Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
	strings
	Thegither, together
	Themsel, themselves
	Thick, intimate, familiar
	Thieveless, cold, dry, spited,
	spoken of a person's demeanour
	Thinkin, thinking
	Thir, these
	Thirl, to thrill
	Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
	Thole, to suffer, to endure
	Thowe, a-thaw; to thaw
	Thouless, slack, lazy
	Thrang, throng, a crowd
	Thraw, to sprain, to twist,
	to contradict
	Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
	contradicted
	Thrawin, twisting, &c.
	Threap, to maintain by dint of
	assertion
	Threshin, threshing
	Threeteen, thirteen
	Thrissle, thrissle

T.

TAAE, a toe, three tae'd having three prongs
 Tak, to take, taken, taking
 Talkin, talking
 Tangle, a sea-weed
 Tap, the top
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish
 Tapsaiteerie, topsy-turvy
 Tarrybreeks, a tailor
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
 Tarrow't, murmured
 Tauld or tald, told
 Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person

Through, to go on with, to make out
 Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
 Thud, to make a loud, intermittent noise
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thysel, thyself
 Till't, to it
 Tine, to loose, *tint*, lost
 Timmer, timber, *timmer-propt*, propped with timber
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tip, a ram
 Tirr, to make a slight noise, to uncover
 Tiflin, uncovering
 Tippence, two-pence
 Tittle, to whisper, *tittling*,
 Tither, the other [whispering
 Tocher, marriage portion
 Tod, a fox
 Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child
 Toddlin, tottering
 Toom, empty
 Toop, a ram
 Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house
 Tow, a rope
 Towmond, a twelvermonth
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toy, a very old fashion of female head dress
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed
 Thrashtrie, trash
 Trickie, full of tricks
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Trimly, excellently
 Trottin, trotting

Trow, to believe
 Trowth, truth, *a petty oath*
 Tryin, trying
 Try't, tryed
 Tug, raw hide, of which in
 old times, plough traces were
 frequently made
 Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel,
 to fight
 Tunefp', tuneful
 Twa, two
 Twa-three, a few
 'Twad, it would
 Twal, twelve, *Twalpennie-*
 worth, a small quantity, a
 penny-worth
 Twin, to pair
 Tyke, a dog

U

UNCARING, disregarding
Uncos, news
Unco, strange, uncouth, very
great, prodigious
Undoin, undoing
Unkenn'd, unknown
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt
Upo', upon

V

VAP'RIN, vapouring
Vera, very
Virl, a ring round a column,
&c.

W

W A', wall, *wa's*, *walls*
Wabster, a weaver
Wad, would, to bet; a bet, a
pledge

Wadna, would not
 Wae, woe, sorrowful
 Waefu' woeful
 Waefucks! or waes me! alas!
 O the pity!
 Waft, the woof
 Wailie, ample, large, jolly;
 also an interjection of distress
 Wailfu', wailing
 Wair, to lay out, to expend
 Wale, choice; to chuse
 Wal'd, chose, chosen
 Wame, the belly, *wamefou'*,
 a bellyfull
 Wanchancie, unlucky
 Wanrestfu', restless
 Warl, wold, world
 Warly, worldly, eager on
 amassing wealth
 Wark, work
 Wark lume, a tool to work
 with
 Warst, worst
 Warran, a warrant; to warrant
 Warlock, a wizard
 Warl'd or warl'd, wrestled
 Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know
 Water-brose, *brose* made of
 meal and water simply without
 the addition of milk,
 butter, &c.
 Wattle, a twig, a wand
 Waudle, to swing, to reel
 Waukit, thickened *as fullers do cloth*
 Waur, worse; to worst
 Waur't, worsted
 Wauken, to awake
 Wastie, prodigality
 Wearie or weary, *monie a wearie body*, many a different person
 Weason, weasand
 Wee, little, *wee things*, little ones, *wee bit*, a small matter
 Weel, well, *weelfare*, well-fare
 Wean or weannie, a child
 We'se, we shall
 Weet, rain, wetness
 Wha, who
 Whalpit, whelped
 Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheeke, bread, &c.
 to give the strappado
 Whare, where, *Whare'er*, wherever
 Whale, whose
 Whatreck, nevertheless
 Whaizle, to wheeze
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk,
penny wheep, small beer
 Whid, the motion of a hare
 running but not frightened, a lie
 Whiddin, running as a hare
 or conie
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchetts
 Whisk, to sweep, to lash
 Whiskit, lashed
 Whisht! silence! *to hold one's whist*, to be silent
 Whirligigims, useless ornaments, trifling appendages
 Whissle, a whistle; to whistle
 Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
 Whun-stane, a whin-stone
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes
 Wi', with
 Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, *a term in curling*
 Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Wimple, to meander
 Wimpl't, meandered
 Wimplin, waving, meandering

Win', wind, *win's*, winds
 Win', to wind, to winnow
 Win't, winded *as a bottom of
yarn*
 Winna, will not
 Winkin, winking
 Winnock, a window
 Winle, a staggering motion;
 to stagger, to reel
 Winzie, an oath
 Withouten, without
 Wifie, a diminutive or endear-
 ing term for wife
 Winisme, gay, hea ty, vaunted
 Wifs, to wish
 Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried,
 shrunken
 Wonner, a wonder, a contemp-
 tuous appellation
 Wonderfu', wonderful, won-
 derfully
 Woo, wool
 Wooerbab, the garter knotted
 below the knee with a cou-
 ple of loops
 Worset, worsted
 Wordy, worthy
 Wrack, to tease, to vex
 Wrang, wrong; to wrong
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
 Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an
 apparition exactly like a liv-

ing person, whose appear-
 ance is said to forebode the
 person's approaching death
 Wud, mad, distracted
 Wumble, a wimble
 Wyte, blame, to blame
 Wylicoat, a flannel vest

Y

YE, this pronoun is fre-
 quently used for *Thou*
 Year, is used for both sing. and
 plur. years
 Yealings, born in the same
 year, coevals
 Yell, barren, that gives no
 milk
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed
 Yestreen, yesternight
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
 Yoursel, you self
 Yont, beyond
 Youthfu', youthful
 Yokin, yoking; a bout
 Yowe, a ewe
 Yowie, dimin. of yowe
 Yule, Christmas

